

THE

FALL ISSUE

10¢

HUMAN TORCH

NO.
16

COMICS



PLUS
SUB-MARINER

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!



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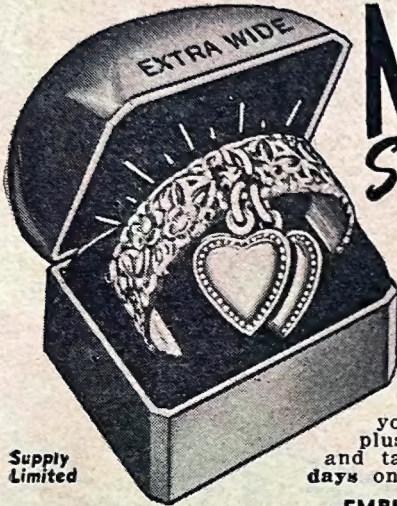
Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 859, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name
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Color of Hair
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You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

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SEND NO MONEY

Just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents mailing cost and tax, on arrival. Wear 10 days on money back guarantee.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 146A, Jefferson, Iowa

RING \$1.95

TEN DAYS TRIAL

No other gift is quite so appropriate among friends or lovers now that so many good friends, pals and sweethearts are far away from each other.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 146A, Jefferson, Iowa

Send the extra wide band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Design Ring. I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name

Address

City State

Ring Size State

For Your Ring Size

Use handy ring measure at right. Tie string around finger, cut and mark off size on scale.



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Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today.

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Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-90 Jefferson, Iowa,** for order to start.

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ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Gift I would like to have you send me.



Powerful Telescope for spotting planes Given for selling 10 boxes.

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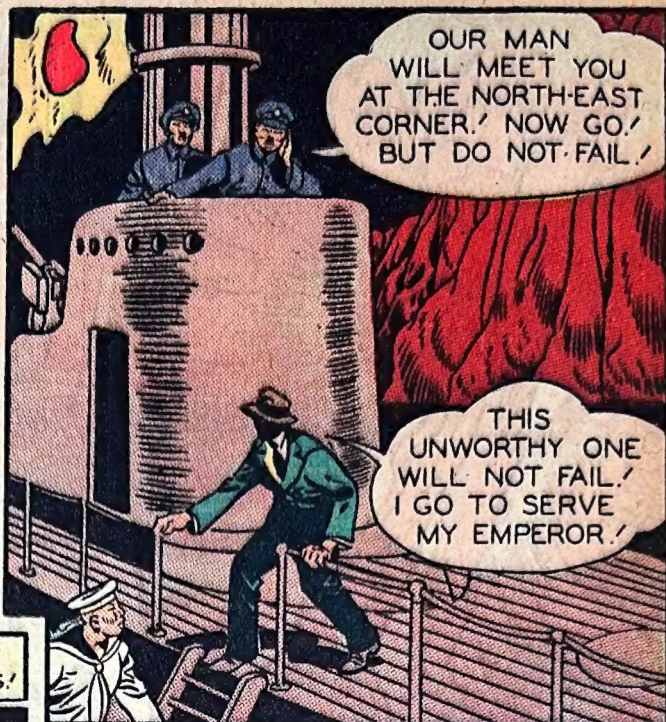
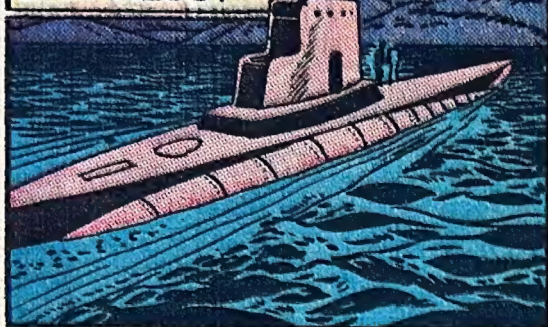
HUMAN TORCH

TORCH AND TORO ARE PITTED IN A BATTLE TO THE DEATH AGAINST THE MIGHTY JAPANESE EMPIRE! FOLLOW THEIR MOST THRILLING, BREATH-TAKING EVENT YET AS THEY MATCH THEIR FIERY COURAGE AGAINST THE SLIMY CUNNING OF THE...

"YELLOW MONKEYS of DEATH"



SILENTLY,
OFF A
DESERTED
BEACH ON
THE WEST
COAST, A JAP
SUB SURFACES
UNDER COVER
OF
DARKNESS /



OUR MAN
WILL MEET YOU
AT THE NORTH-EAST
CORNER. NOW GO,
BUT DO NOT FAIL /

THIS
UNWORTHY ONE
WILL NOT FAIL. /
I GO TO SERVE
MY EMPEROR. /

LATER, AT A CONCENTRATION
CAMP FOR JAP ALIENS. /



THE DAY
OF DEATH FOR
THE WHITE DEVILS
HAS BEEN SET. /
WHEN OUR TROOPS
LAND, YOU LEAD
PRISON REVOLT. /

CAN DO. /
WILL STAB
INFIDEL ARMY IN
BACK. / MAKE
BLOOD RUN LIKE
WATER. /



HERE ARE YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS. /
YOU WILL. / WHA-?

WHISTLE

WE HAVE
BEEN
DISCOVERED! /
RUN! RUN!

BUT A SHARP EYED
GUARD. /



HALT.!
OR I'LL
SHOOT. /

YOU
NEVER CATCH
ME. /



AGHHHHH

NEVER
CATCH
YOU,
EH?

AND-

DEAD LIKE
A MACKEREL!
WHAT YOU GOT
THERE,
SARGE?

I DON'T KNOW;
IT'S IN JAP! WE'LL
SEND IT TO
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE!

WHILE CROSS-COUNTRY IN TORCH'S
NEW YORK APARTMENT./

HA! HA! TRY
AND GET OUT OF
THIS ONE! I'VE
GOT YOU! UH-

TELEPHONE,
KID!
I'LL GET IT!

HELLO./ YES,
COLONEL HAFTON!
SOUNDS LIKE
THE REAL
THING./ SURE,
WE'LL BE
RIGHT OVER./

FLAMING ON, TORCH AND TORO
ZOOM UP OVER THE
CITY'S ROOF TOPS./

THE ARMY HAS
INTERCEPTED PLANS
FOR A JAP INVASION,
KID./ THEY WANT
US TO CHECK./

YOU MEAN
WE GET A CRACK
AT THOSE YELLOW
MONKEYS?
YIPPEEEEE!!

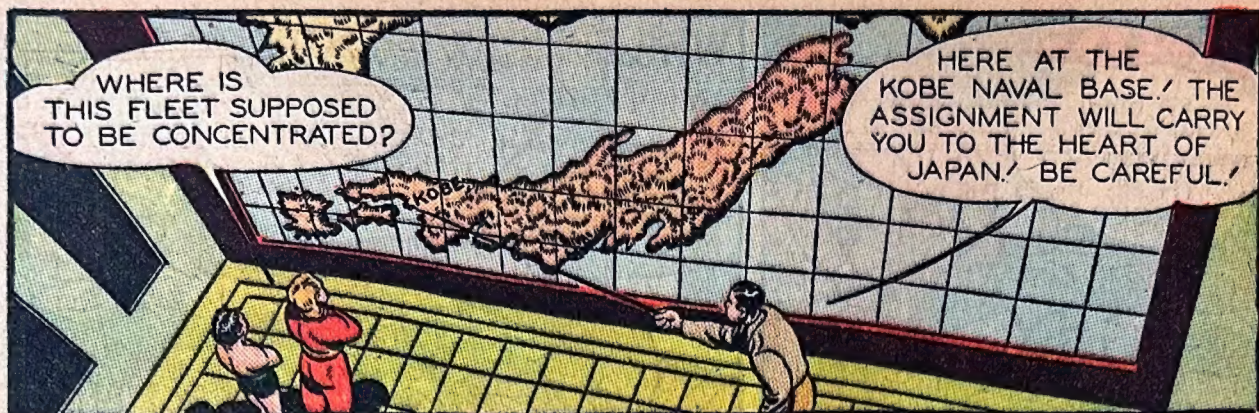
MOMENTS LATER, IN COLONEL
HAFTON'S OFFICE./

THESE
ARE THE
PLANS TAKEN
FROM THE JAP
AGENT,
COLONEL?

A
TRANSLATION,
TORCH./
READ IT./

WOW!
THIS LOOKS
BAD./ BUT IT
DOESN'T SAY
WHERE THE
ATTACK IS TO
TAKE PLACE./

THAT'S WHAT
I WANT
YOU TO FIND
OUT./ I ALSO
WANT YOU TO
CHECK ON ITS
SIZE./



WHERE IS THIS FLEET SUPPOSED TO BE CONCENTRATED?

HERE AT THE KOBE NAVAL BASE! THE ASSIGNMENT WILL CARRY YOU TO THE HEART OF JAPAN! BE CAREFUL!

FLAMING ON, THE DUO DEPART! **BLAZING** OVER THE SLEEPING CITY, THEY HEAD FOR ADVENTURE



A LOT DEPENDS ON YOU TWO! GOOD LUCK!

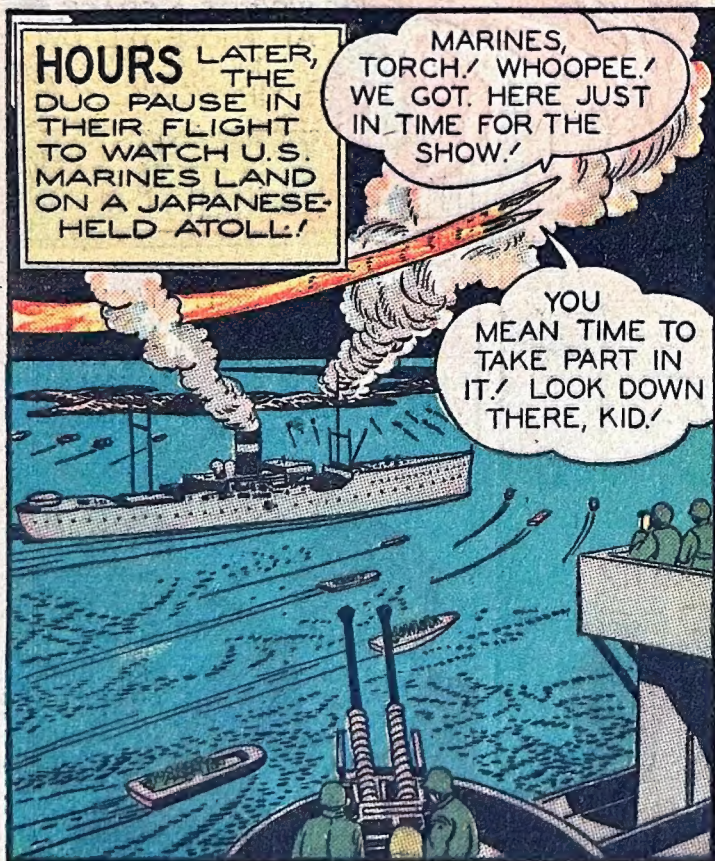
THANKS, COLONEL! C'MON, KID!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, TORCH!



IT'S A GREAT CITY AND A GREAT COUNTRY, TORCH!

YES AND WE'LL KEEP IT THAT WAY! NO INVADER WHITE OR YELLOW WILL EVER SET FOOT ON IT'S SHORES!



HOURS LATER, THE DUO PAUSE IN THEIR FLIGHT TO WATCH U.S. MARINES LAND ON A JAPANESE-HELD ATOLL!

MARINES, TORCH! WHOOPEE! WE GOT. HERE JUST IN-TIME FOR THE SHOW!

YOU MEAN TIME TO TAKE PART IN IT! LOOK DOWN THERE, KID!



THIS IS, HOWEVER, WHAT TORCH HAD HIS EYE ON!

HA! TRAP WORKING SOON AMERICAN DOGS DIE!

AS THE UNSUSPECTING MARINES COME WITHIN RANGE OF THE JAP GUNS.../

NOW, DEATH TO YANKEE PIGS! FIRE AT.../ WHA..?

I DON'T LIKE SNEAK ATTACKS!.

AND

THERE! IT'S MORE BECOMING THIS WAY!.

HOW YOU DOING, KID?

I THOUGHT YOU WERE A COCONUT!.

JUST WARMING UP TORCH! HEY! HOW ABOUT GIVING THOSE SNIPERS A HOT-FOOT?

THOSE TWO ARE BETTER THAN A TANK DIVISION! FORWARD, MEN!.



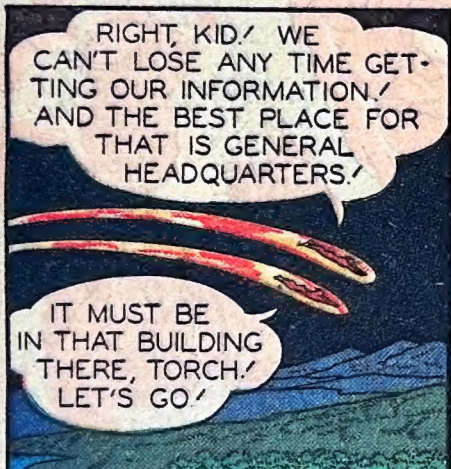
CONQUEST OF THE ISLAND NOW ASSURED....



THANKS,
TORCH!
YOUR HELP
SAVED US
HEAVY
CASUALTIES./

THAT'S OKAY,
COMMANDER!
ALWAYS GLAD
TO HELP
OUT./

SURE!
WE HAVE A
NEW SPECIALTY
NOW./ JAP
KILLING./



RIGHT, KID./ WE
CAN'T LOSE ANY TIME GET-
TING OUR INFORMATION./
AND THE BEST PLACE FOR
THAT IS GENERAL
HEADQUARTERS./

IT MUST BE
IN THAT BUILDING
THERE, TORCH./
LET'S GO./



LATER AT THE JAP NAVAL BASE OF KOBE IN JAPAN



JAPAN, KID./
AND BELOW IS THE
NAVAL BASE OF
KOBE./

BUT--TORCH./
LOOK AT THAT INVASION
FLEET./ THEY MUST BE
GETTING READY TO
SHOVE OFF./



GENERAL SUKI./
FLAME DEVILS GO BY
CHOP CHOP./



IN GENERAL SUKI'S
HEADQUARTERS

HEE./ HEE./
I EXPECT SAME
AND SET TRAP./
LET FOOLS
COME./



WE'RE GOING TO DO SOME EAVESDROPPING EH, TORCH?

YES, KID! FLAME OFF! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SEEN!



BUT-

THEY TURN OFF FIRE! WE ATTACK QUIETLY FROM TWO SIDES! BUT NO KILL! GENERAL SUKI WISHES TO KILL THEM SLOWLY!



WE ATTACK UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS

YES, GIVE WHITE DOGS NO CHANCE TO FIGHT BACK! STRIKE HERE AND HERE! YOU WILL SEE THAT TROOPS ARE LOADED! WE MOVE TONIGHT!

BACKING CAREFULLY AWAY FROM THE WINDOW!



THEY'RE TRYING ANOTHER PEARL HARBOR!

THEY'LL GET A HOT RECEPTION THIS TIME! WE'LL GET BACK AND INFORM THE AMERICAN COMMAND!

THE PAIR FAIL TO SEE THE JAP PATROL IN THEIR REAR UNTIL ITS



WE BETTER... TORCH! LOOK OUT! JAPS!!

FLAME ON, KID!

TOO LATE

STRIKE!
STRIKE!



THE UNCONSCIOUS PAIR ARE CARRIED BEFORE THE JAP GENERAL SUKI.

WE CATCH SPIES,
HONORABLE
GENERAL!

GOOD!
WE TAKE CARE
THEY SPY NO
MORE! FOLLOW
ME!



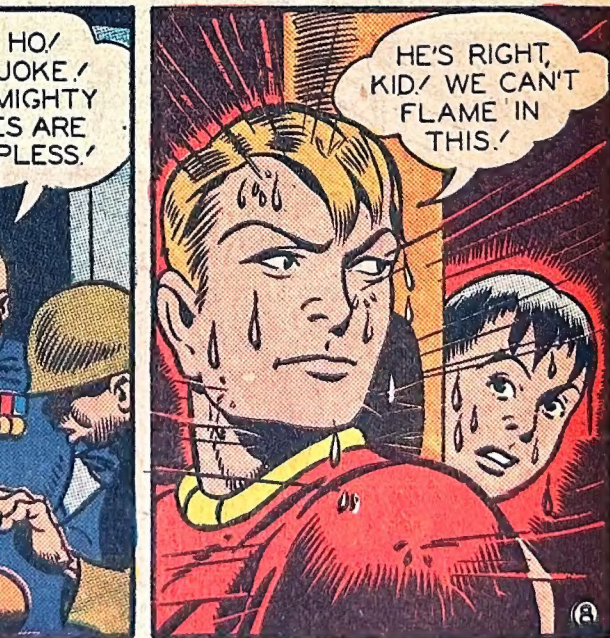
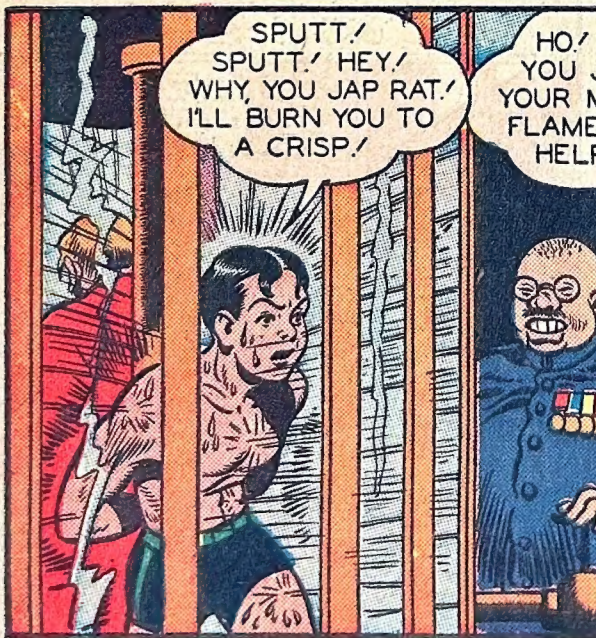
THE
YANKEES
ARE STILL
UNCONSCIOUS!

TURN
WATER ON!
I WISH TO
SPEAK WITH
THEM!

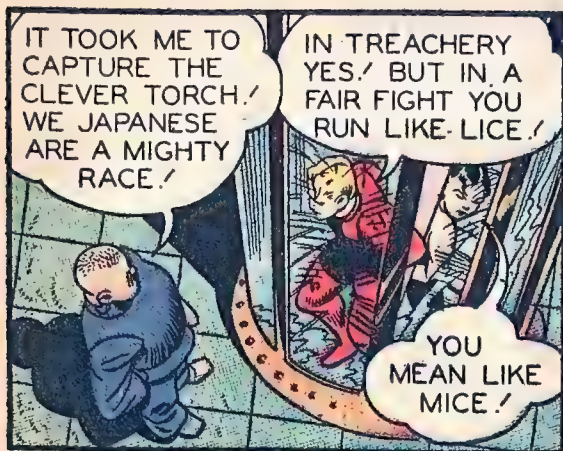


SPUTT!
SPUTT! HEY!
WHY, YOU JAP RAT!
I'LL BURN YOU TO
A CRISP!

HO! HO!
YOU JOKE!
YOUR MIGHTY
FLAMES ARE
HELPLESS!



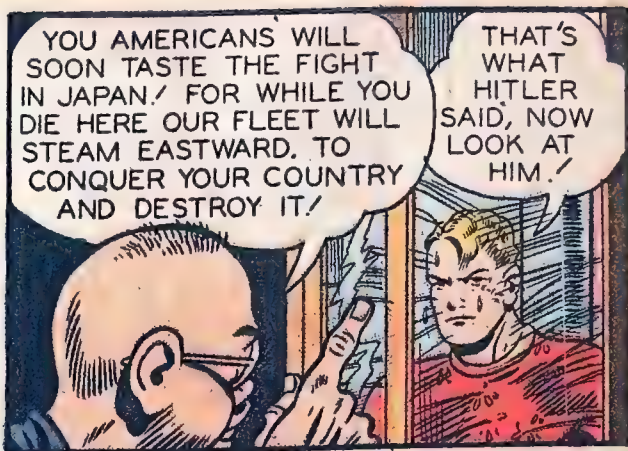
HE'S RIGHT,
KID! WE CAN'T
FLAME IN
THIS!



IT TOOK ME TO CAPTURE THE CLEVER TORCH. / WE JAPANESE ARE A MIGHTY RACE. /

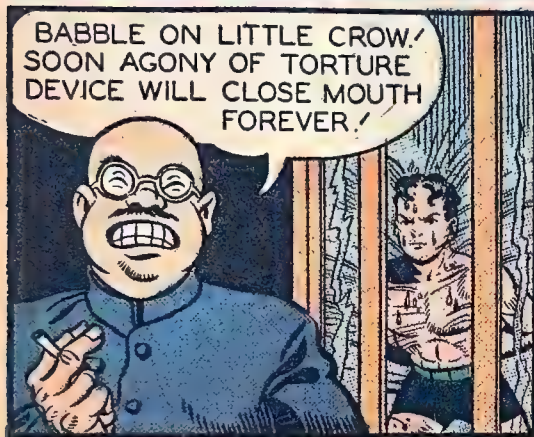
IN TREACHERY YES. / BUT IN A FAIR FIGHT YOU RUN LIKE LICE. /

YOU MEAN LIKE MICE. /



YOU AMERICANS WILL SOON TASTE THE FIGHT IN JAPAN. / FOR WHILE YOU DIE HERE OUR FLEET WILL STEAM EASTWARD. TO CONQUER YOUR COUNTRY AND DESTROY IT. /

THAT'S WHAT HITLER SAID, NOW LOOK AT HIM. /

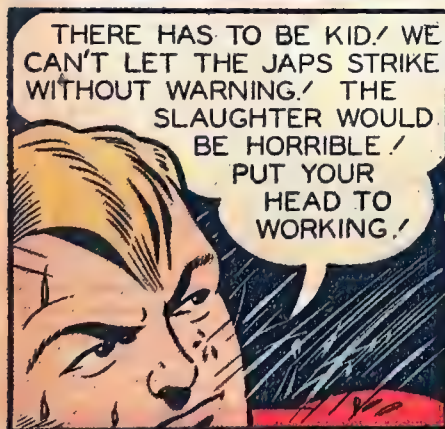


BABBLE ON LITTLE CROW. / SOON AGONY OF TORTURE DEVICE WILL CLOSE MOUTH FOREVER. /



WE'RE IN A SPOT TORO. / IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THE FORCE OF THE WATER CUTS OF THE CIRCULATION. / AND WHEN IT DOES. /

WE'LL DIE CLEAN ANYWAY. / BUT I WISH THERE WAS A WAY OUT. /



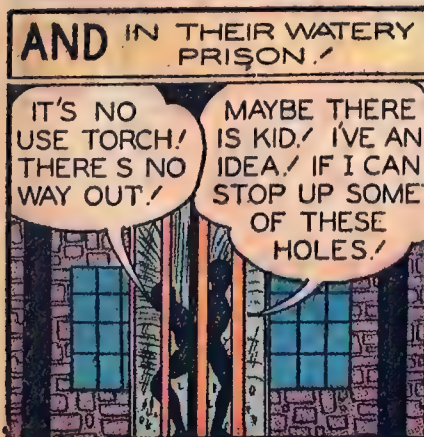
THERE HAS TO BE KID. / WE CAN'T LET THE JAPS STRIKE WITHOUT WARNING. / THE SLAUGHTER WOULD BE HORRIBLE. / PUT YOUR HEAD TO WORKING. /



WHILE AT THE KOBE DOCKS. /

THIS LAST SHIP TO BE LOADED HONORABLE GENERAL. /

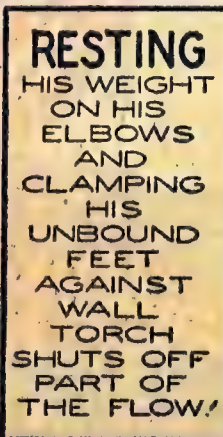
GOOD GOOD.. YOU WILL ORDER LAUNCH TO TAKE ME ABOARD FLAGSHIP. /



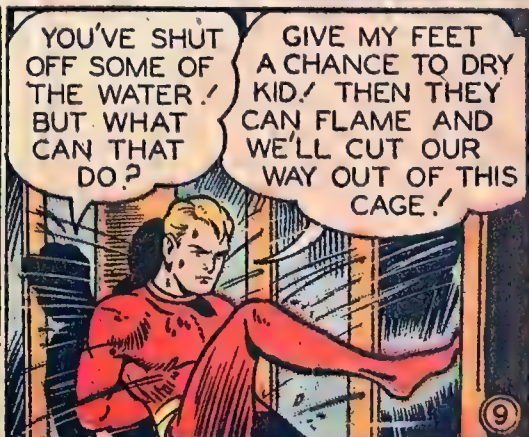
AND IN THEIR WATERY PRISON. /

IT'S NO USE TORCH. / THERE S NO WAY OUT. /

MAYBE THERE IS KID. / I'VE AN IDEA. / IF I CAN STOP UP SOME OF THESE HOLES. /



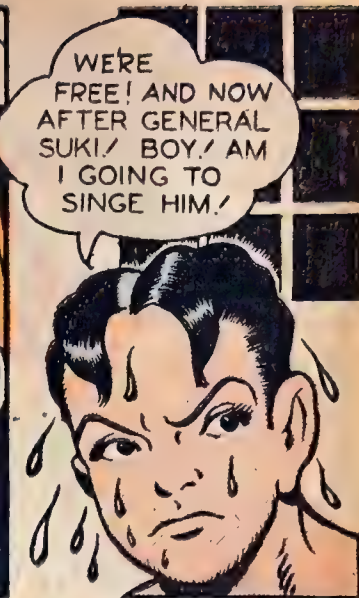
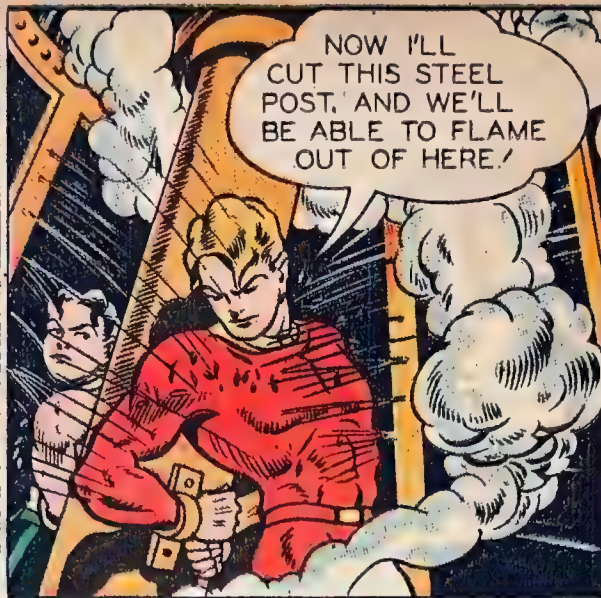
RESTING HIS WEIGHT ON HIS ELBOWS AND CLAMPING HIS UNBOUND FEET AGAINST WALL TORCH SHUTS OFF PART OF THE FLOW. /



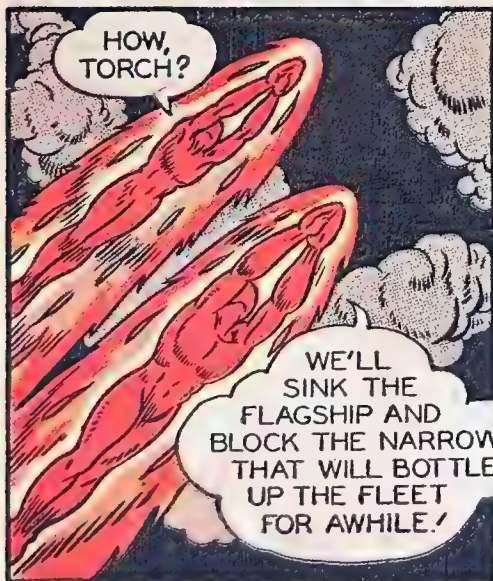
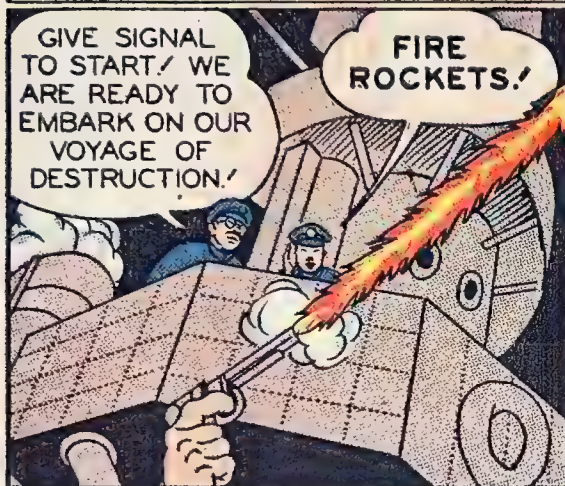
YOU'VE SHUT OFF SOME OF THE WATER. / BUT WHAT CAN THAT DO. /

GIVE MY FEET A CHANCE TO DRY KID. / THEN THEY CAN FLAME AND WE'LL CUT OUR WAY OUT OF THIS CAGE. /

HIS FEET
DRY
RAPIDLY
AND FLAME!
TORCH
USES
THEIR
TERRIFIC
HEAT TO
WELD SHUT
THE
WATER
HOLES
WITHIN
REACH!

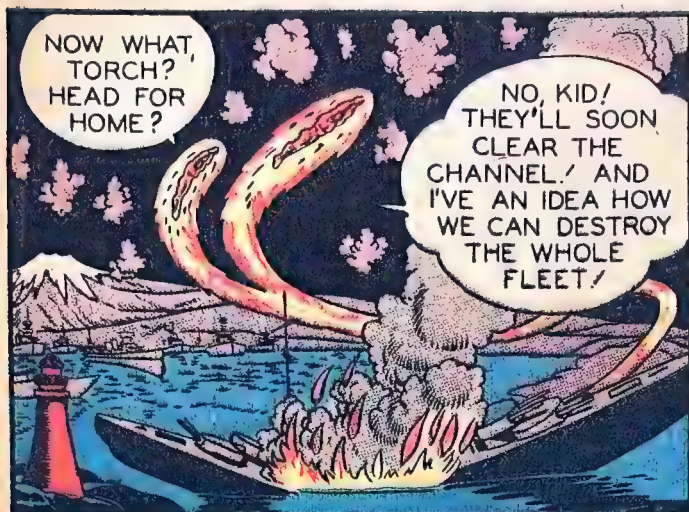


MEANWHILE GENERAL SUKI
STANDS ON THE
BRIDGE OF HIS FLAGSHIP!



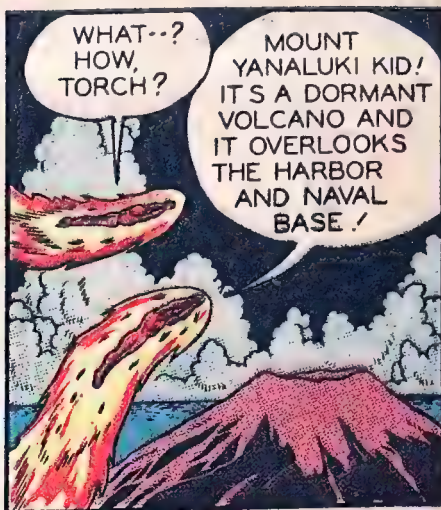
FLAMING THRU THE MIGHTY SHIP,
THE DUO TOUCH OFF
THE POWDER MAGAZINE /





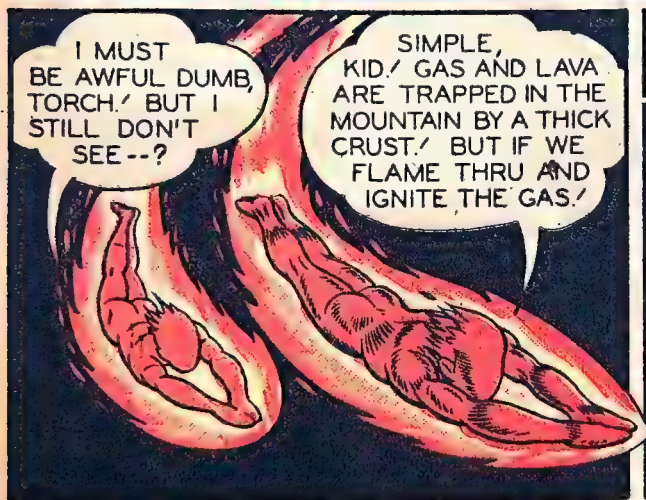
NOW WHAT, TORCH? HEAD FOR HOME?

NO, KID! THEY'LL SOON CLEAR THE CHANNEL! AND I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN DESTROY THE WHOLE FLEET!



WHAT--? HOW, TORCH?

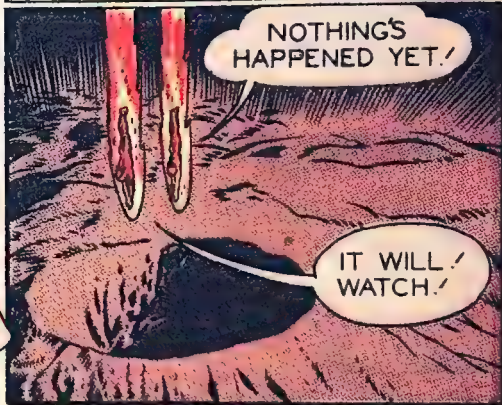
MOUNT YANALUKI KID! IT'S A DORMANT VOLCANO AND IT OVERLOOKS THE HARBOR AND NAVAL BASE!



I MUST BE AWFUL DUMB, TORCH! BUT I STILL DON'T SEE--?

SIMPLE, KID! GAS AND LAVA ARE TRAPPED IN THE MOUNTAIN BY A THICK CRUST! BUT IF WE FLAME THRU AND IGNITE THE GAS!

THE COURAGEOUS PAIR DIVE INTO THE HEART OF THE GIANT VOLCANO!



NOTHING'S HAPPENED YET!

IT WILL! WATCH!

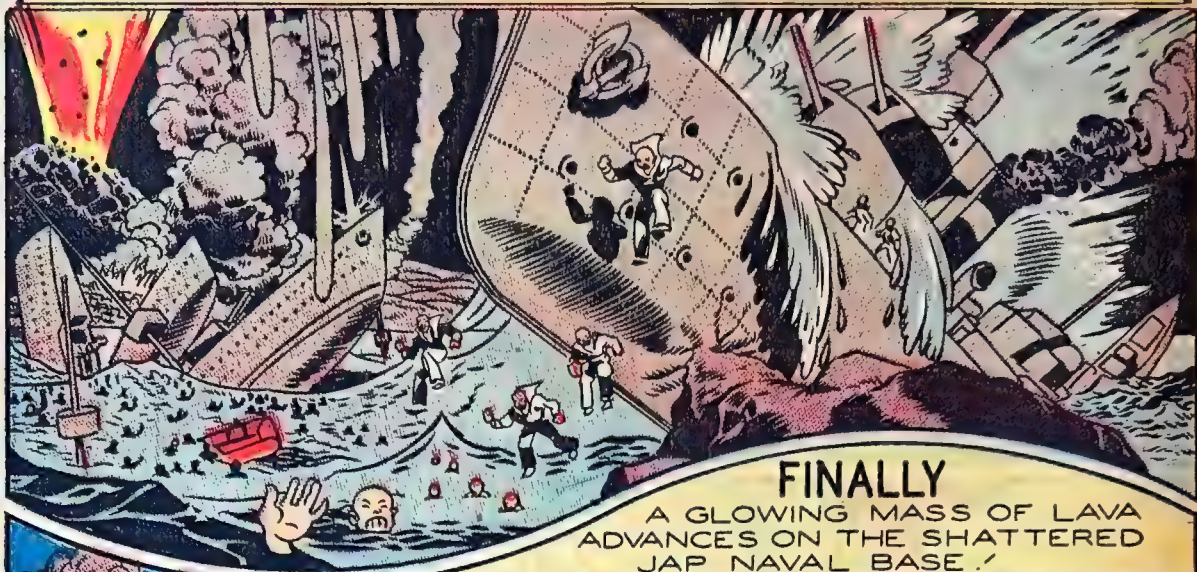
THE GAS IGNITES



HURRY, TORO! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF RANGE! SHE'S BLOWING UP!

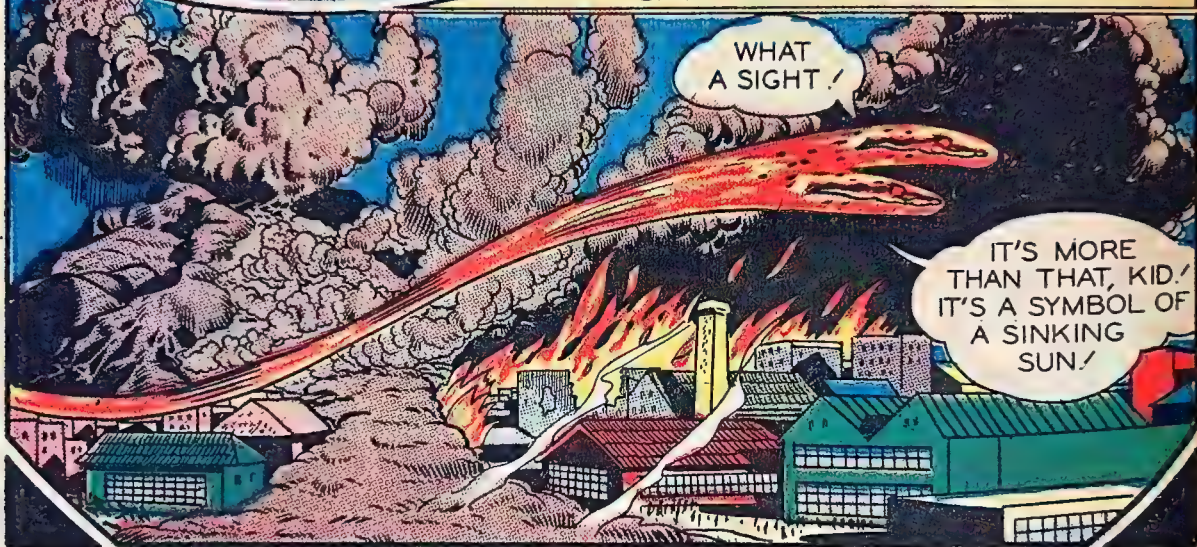
CRUMBLING

INTO THE SEA, THE MOUNTAIN CAUSES
A TIDAL WAVE WHICH SWAMPS THE JAP
FLEET.



FINALLY

A GLOWING MASS OF LAVA
ADVANCES ON THE SHATTERED
JAP NAVAL BASE.



WHAT
A SIGHT!

IT'S MORE
THAN THAT, KID!
IT'S A SYMBOL OF
A SINKING
SUN!

LATER AT COL. HAFTON'S OFFICE

YOU DID A
GREAT JOB, BOYS!
I GUESS YOU KNOW
THAT NO FAVOR
YOU CAN ASK OF
YOUR COUNTRY IS
TOO GREAT!

WE HAVE ONLY ONE,
COLONEL! THAT IT STAY
AS IT IS! A COUNTRY WHERE
PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD
WILL TOWARDS MAN IS
STILL A PRACTICE! NOT
JUST AN EMPTY PHRASE.

YOU
CAN SAY
THAT
AGAIN!

12

THE END

THE HUMAN TORCH



WHAT HORROR LURKED OVER THE AMERICAN AIRFIELD IN ENGLAND? WHAT JINX RODE THE WINGS OF THE GALLANT CRAFT IN THE AERIAL WAR AGAINST THE NAZIS?? FOLLOW THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO IN THEIR MOST BREATHTAKING AND DANGEROUS GAME AGAINST---

SONS of EVIL!

OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE OPERATIONS ROOM OF AN AMERICAN AIR-FIELD IN ENGLAND!

THIS IS AN IMPORTANT ARMAMENTS CENTER! YOU WILL STRIKE FROM NORTH AND SOUTH! WIPE IT COMPLETELY OFF THE MAP!! THAT'S ALL!

YES, SIR! WE'LL MAKE THOSE NAZIS YELL "QUITS!"

AS THE CREWS FILE FROM THE ROOM--!

C'MON, GANG! WE'VE GOT TIME FOR A COKE AT LIMEY'S BEFORE WE SHOVE OFF!

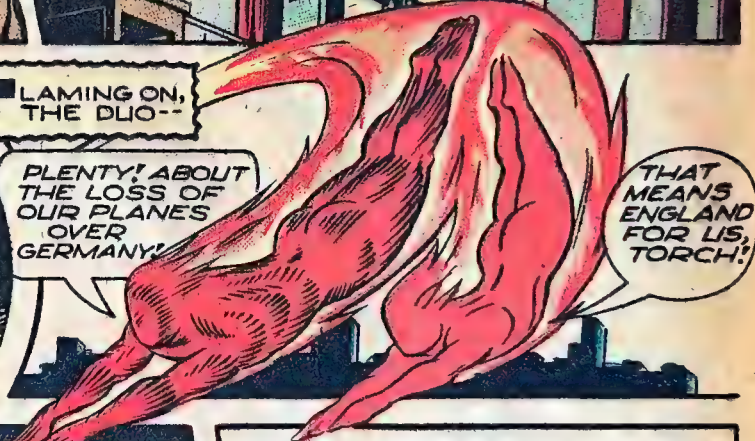


MAJOR LUND! YES---WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

WHAT'S COOKIN', TORCH?

FLAMING ON, THE DUO--

PLENTY! ABOUT THE LOSS OF OUR PLANES OVER GERMANY!



THAT MEANS ENGLAND FOR LIS, TORCH!

MOMENTS LATER, AT THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR LUND--!

SO YOU SEE, TORCH! SOMEONE AT THAT FIELD IS SENDING FLIGHT SCHEDULES TO THE NAZIS A MOMENT OR SO BEFORE THE PLANES TAKE OFF!

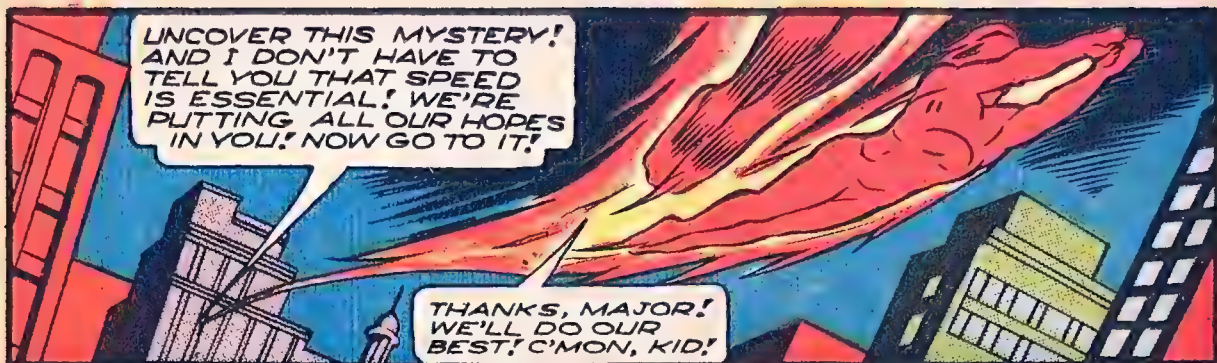
BUT HOW?

RADIO, OF COURSE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY THE ENEMY COULD RECEIVE THE SCHEDULES IN TIME TO ACT ON THEM!

WE'VE THOUGHT OF THAT TOO! BUT ALL BROADCASTS ARE CHECKED BY THE BRITISH! NOTHING SUSPICIOUS HAS GONE OUT!

THAT'S STRANGE! THEN THEY MUST HAVE A NEW METHOD! BUT WHAT IS IT YOU WANT DONE, MAJOR?





THANKS, MAJOR!
WE'LL DO OUR
BEST! C'MON, KID!

SOMETIME LATER...
ENGLAND!

WOW! LOOK AT THAT FLEET OF
BOMBERS! SOMETHING
BIG IS COOKIN', TORCH!

LOOKS THAT WAY!
LET'S HURRY--WE'VE
GOT TO REPORT TO
GENERAL CARTER!

SECONDS LATER!

THEN, SIR! YOU'RE GOING
AHEAD WITH ANOTHER
RAID?

YES! MY ORDERS ARE
TO PROCEED AT ALL COSTS!
IT IS ESSENTIAL THAT
NAZI MORALE AND INDUS-
TRY BE CRACKED
BEFORE THE
INVASION!

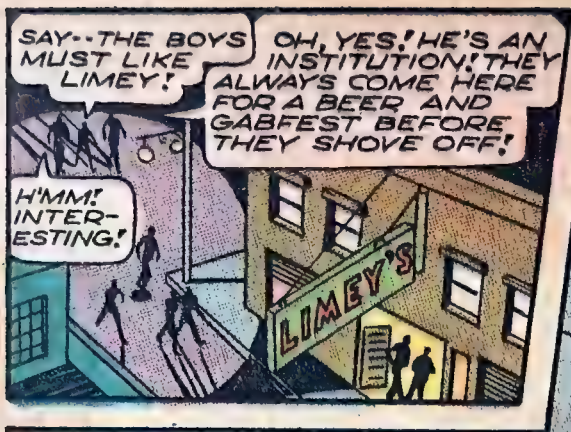
A SMALL ADVANCE
SQUADRON WILL ATTACK
HERE! THIS WILL DRAW
OFF FIGHTER PROTEC-
TION FROM ESSEN, OUR
MAIN TARGET!

SOUNDS
GOOD!

YES! THAT'S RIGHT!
BUT NOW YOU'LL WANT
TO MEET THE MEN!
CAPTAIN LINN!
YOU'LL INTRODUCE
OUR FRIENDS
TO THE CREW!

YES, SIR!
COME ON,
FELLOWS!
WE'LL FIND
THE GANG
AT LIMEY'S!

THEN THE PLANES
WE SAW TAKING OFF
MUST HAVE BEEN
THE DECOY FLEET!



SAY--THE BOYS MUST LIKE LIMEY!

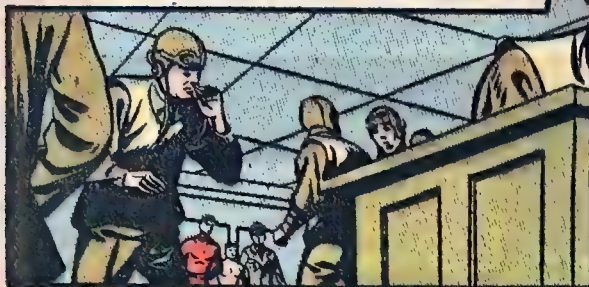
OH, YES! HE'S AN INSTITUTION! THEY ALWAYS COME HERE FOR A BEER AND GABFEST BEFORE THEY SHOVE OFF!

H'MMM! INTERESTING!

ANOTHER BOTTLE OF COKE, LIMEY! IT'S GONNA BE A DRY RIDE TO ESSEN TONIGHT!

YA DON'T SAY, BLIMEY! YUH GONNA BOMB THE BLOODY STUFFIN'S FROM THE NAZIS, EH?

YOU BET'CHA--AN' WERE MAKIN' A PHONEY STAB AT KOLN! THAT'LL FOOL THE BLOODY BEGGARS, WON'T IT?



THREE COKES, LIMEY! WE'RE SHOVIN' OFF SOON!

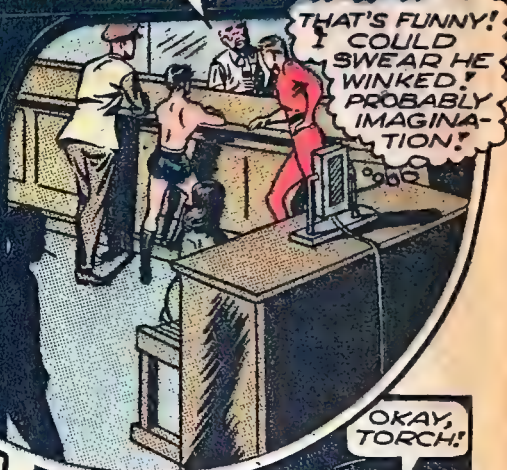
YES, SIR! A LITTLE MUSIC'D GO GOOD WITH IT! PLAY SOMETHING, LANA! SOMETHING FOR THE NAZIS-- GET IT?

H'MMM--! PLACE IS RUN BY THIS LIMEY AND HIS SISTER, EH, CAPTAIN? TRUST-WORTHY, I SUPPOSE!

LORD, YES! THEY'VE RUN THIS PUB FOR TEN YEARS! AND BEFORE THEM, THEIR PARENTS!



WHAT ARE YOU HATCHING, TORCH?



THAT'S FUNNY! I COULD SWEAR HE WINKED! PROBABLY IMAGINATION!

OKAY, TORCH!

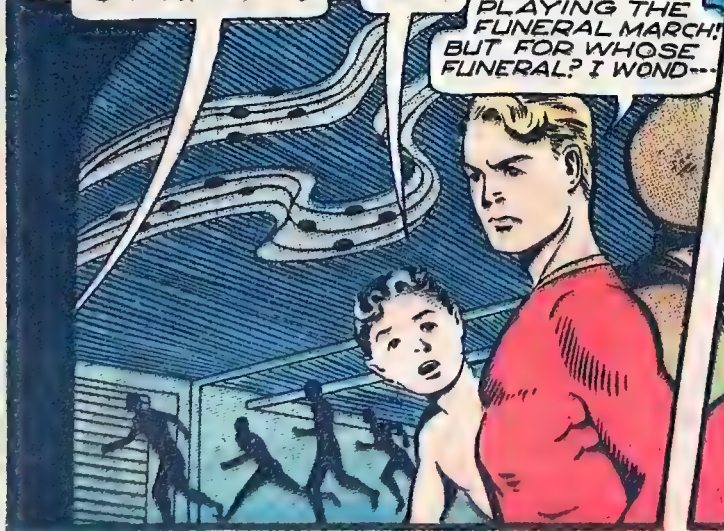
THE GIRL BEGINS TO PLAY----

ALL ABOARD THE ESSEN EXPRESS! C'MON, GANG! WE'RE SHOVIN' OFF!

COME ON, TORCH! STOP DREAMING! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

H'MMM! SHE'S PLAYING THE FUNERAL MARCH! BUT FOR WHOSE FUNERAL? I WOND--

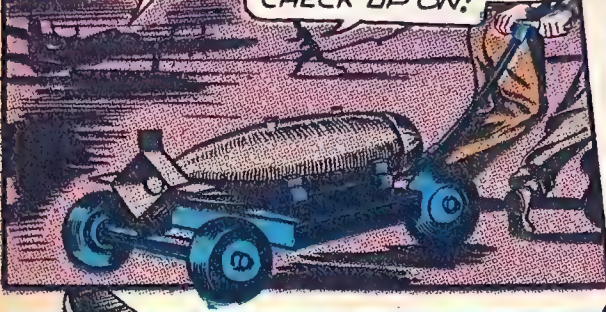
YOU GO AHEAD, KID! I WANT TO MAKE A PHONE CALL!



MAKING HIS PHONE CALL --
TORCH REJOINS TORO!

WHO'D YOU
CALL, TORCH?

BRITISH INTELLI-
GENCE, KID! I'VE A
HUNCH I WANT TO
CHECK UP ON!



TAKING TO THE AIR, THE GIANT
SHIPS WING THEIR WAY OVER
THE CHANNEL!

FRANCE! ANOTHER
HOUR AND WE'LL
BE OVER OUR
TARGET!

THEN WE'LL
UNLOAD
THESE BOMBS
AND ESSEN
WILL BE A
MESSIN'!



AND BACK AT THE
AIRFIELD!

IT IS FINISHED! I'M
SORRY FOR THOSE
BOYS, LIMEY, SO
MANY WILL FAIL TO
RETURN!

WHAT ARE
YOU SAYING?
IT IS OUR
DUTY AND
WE SHOULD
BE PROUD
TO SERVE
OUR COUNTRY!



AND AT THAT
MOMENT,
IN BERLIN!

HAH! THE YANKEE
SWINE ARE RAIDING
ESSEN! RUSH ANTI-
AIRCRAFT AND FIGHTER
PROTECTION THERE! WE WILL
GIVE THEM A WARM WELCOME!

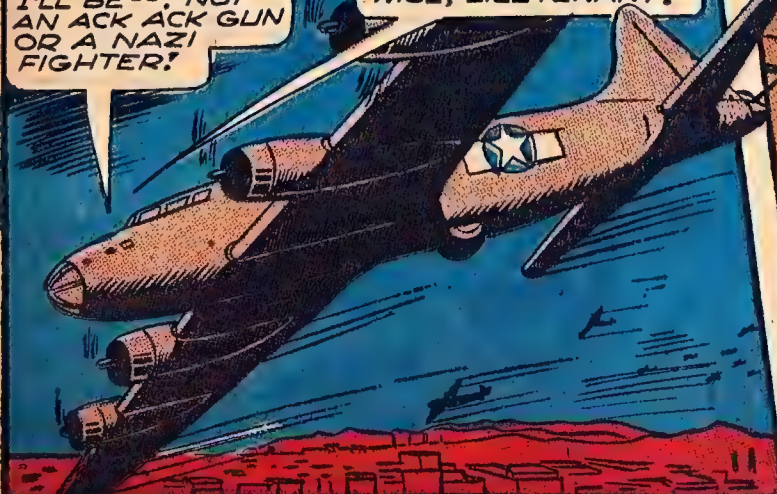


JA! HERR SWINDLE! WILL
ORDER ALL FIGHTERS TRANS-
FERRED FROM KOLN TO
ESSEN!

AND OVER KOLN, THE AMERICAN DECOY FLEET--

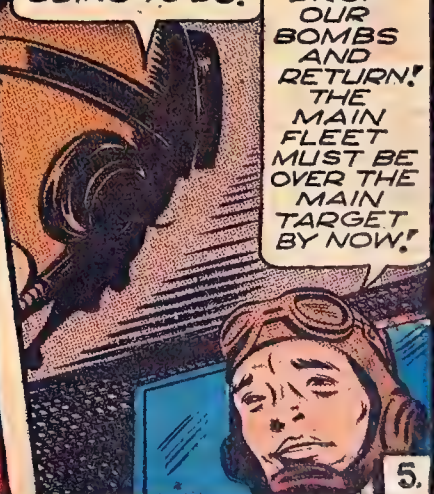
I'LL BE --! NOT
AN ACK ACK GUN
OR A NAZI
FIGHTER!

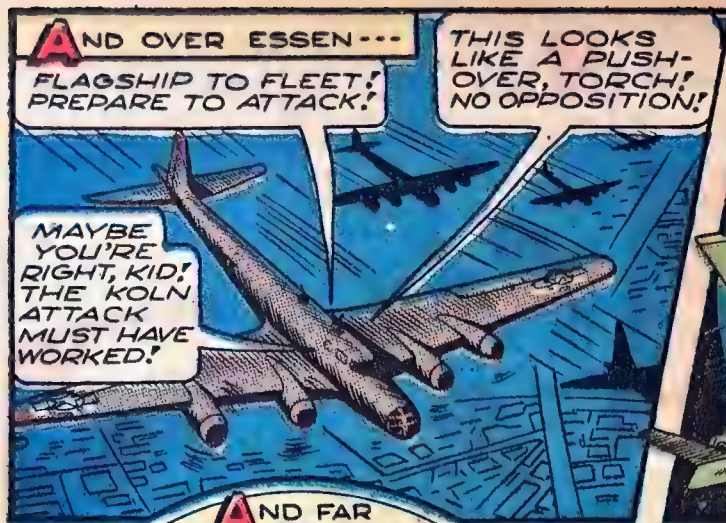
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE
WISE, LIEUTENANT!



HOLY COW!!
THAT MEANS--!
WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO?

CAN'T DO
ANYTHING
EXCEPT
DROP
OUR
BOMBS
AND
RETURN!
THE
MAIN
FLEET
MUST BE
OVER THE
MAIN
TARGET
BY NOW!

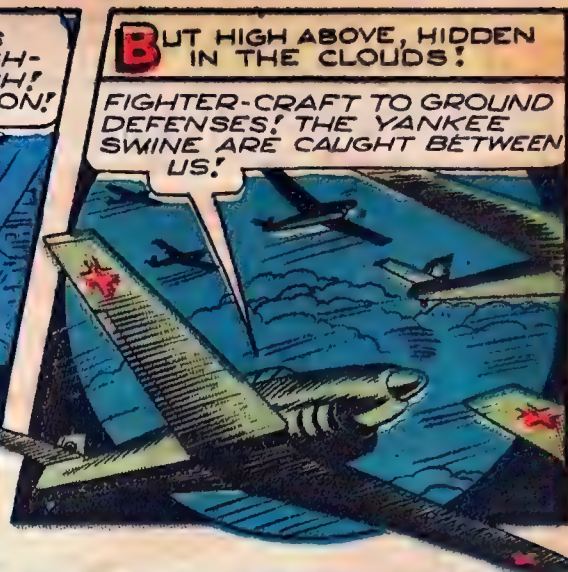




AND OVER ESSEN---
FLAGSHIP TO FLEET!
PREPARE TO ATTACK!

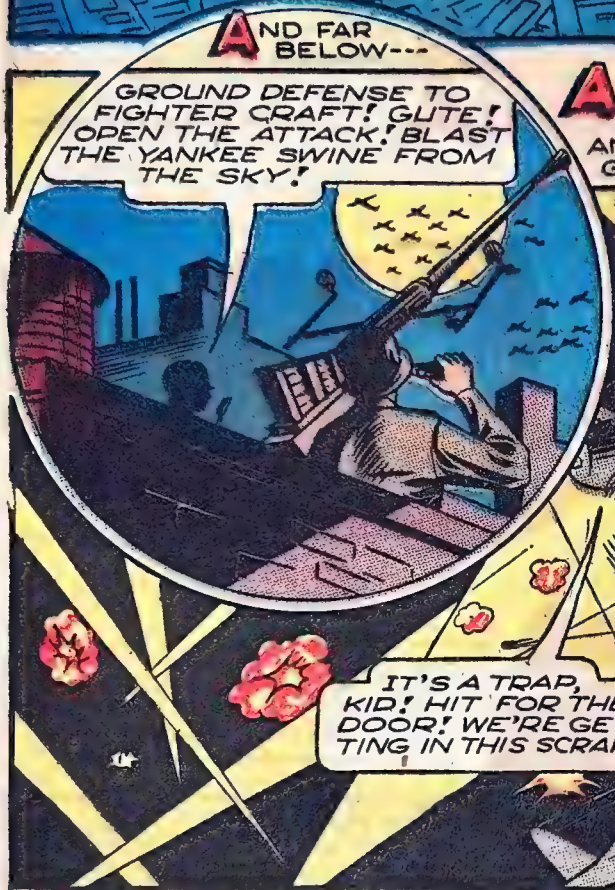
THIS LOOKS
LIKE A PUSH-
OVER, TORCH!
NO OPPOSITION!

MAYBE
YOU'RE
RIGHT, KID!
THE KOLN
ATTACK
MUST HAVE
WORKED!



BUT HIGH ABOVE, HIDDEN
IN THE CLOUDS!

FIGHTER-CRAFT TO GROUND
DEFENSES! THE YANKEE
SWINE ARE CAUGHT BETWEEN
US!



AND FAR
BELOW---

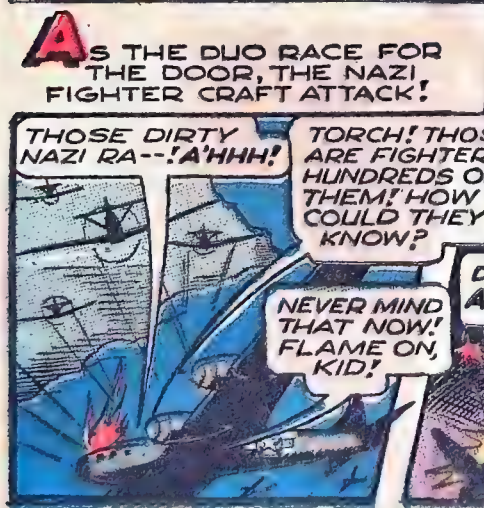
GROUND DEFENSE TO
FIGHTER CRAFT! GUTE!
OPEN THE ATTACK! BLAST
THE YANKEE SWINE FROM
THE SKY!

AND SANDWICHED BETWEEN THE
CLOUDS OF NAZI PLANES ABOVE,
AND THE BATTERIES OF ACK-ACK
GUNS AND GIANT SPOTS BELOW---

FLAGSHIP
TO FLEET!
CLEAR GUNS--
OPEN BOMB-
BAYS! WHA--?

SOMETHING IS
WRONG, SIR! THERE
IS A HEAVY
CONCENTRATION
OF GROUND
FIRE!

IT'S A TRAP,
KID! HIT FOR THE
DOOR! WE'RE GET-
TING IN THIS SCRAP!



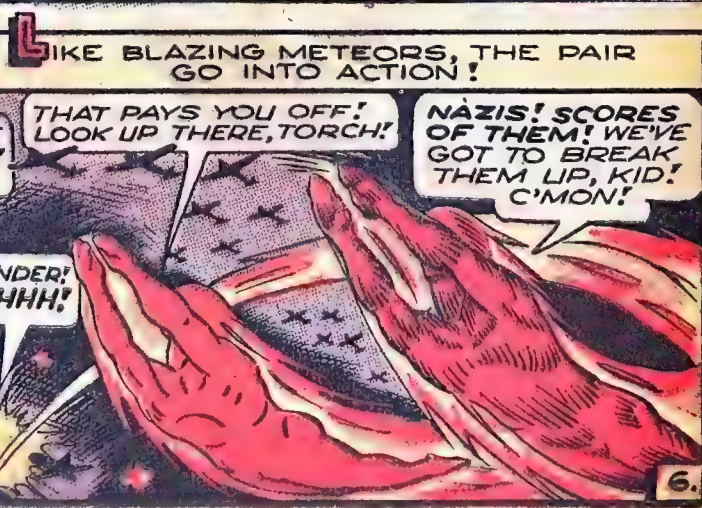
AS THE DUO RACE FOR
THE DOOR, THE NAZI
FIGHTER CRAFT ATTACK!

THOSE DIRTY
NAZI RA--! A'HHH!

TORCH! THOSE
ARE FIGHTERS!
HUNDREDS OF
THEM! HOW
COULD THEY
KNOW?

NEVER MIND
THAT NOW!
FLAME ON,
KID!

DUNDER!
AHHHH!



LIKE BLAZING METEORS, THE PAIR
GO INTO ACTION!

THAT PAYS YOU OFF!
LOOK UP THERE, TORCH!

NAZIS! SCORES
OF THEM! WE'VE
GOT TO BREAK
THEM UP, KID!
C'MON!

THE DAUNTLESS PAIR FLAME INTO THE NEW FORMATION OF NAZI FIGHTERS---

DIDN'T EXPECT COMPETITION, DID YOU?

NEIN!
NEIN!
AGHH!

THE SAVAGE ONSLAUGHT OF THE FIERY DUO TAKES THE FIGHT FROM THE NAZI VULTURES, AND--!

WE PLAY TOO ROUGH, TORCH! THEY'RE RUNNIN' OUT ON US!

LET 'EM, GO, KID! LET'S HELP OUT THE BOMBER CREWS!

BUT THE BOMBERS, RELIEVED OF THE NEW ASSAULT, BY THE DUO, NEED NO FURTHER HELP!

THE NAZI'S DISPOSED OF---

BOY! IS HITLER GOING TO HAVE A HEADACHE TONIGHT!

THEIR MISSION ACCOMPLISHED THE BOMBERS WING THEIR WAY BACK TO THE BASE--

OUR LOSSES WERE LIGHT THIS TRIP, TORCH! BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW THE NAZIS KNEW WE WERE COMING!

I DO, KID! I KNOW WHO GOT THE INFORMATION AND HOW IT WAS SENT! ALL I NEED IS ONE THING MORE!

HLUH...? YOU
KNOW...? WHAT...?

A CERTAIN REPORT
FROM BRITISH
INTELLIGENCE, KID!
IT SHOULD BE IN
OUR QUARTERS
NOW!

ARRIVING AT THEIR QUARTERS,
TORCH READS THE REPORTS
HEADQUARTERS HAS SENT HIM!

WHERE DO WE
GO NOW,
TORCH?

LIMEY'S, I
HAVE SOME-
THING THAT
MIGHT
INTEREST
HIM!

I DON'T GET
IT, TORCH!

NEVER MIND,
KID! YOU'LL---
SAY WHERE ARE
YOU FELLOWS
GOING?

WE'RE
SHOVIN'
OFF
AGAIN!
GOING
TO
PLASTER
BERLIN!

LIMEY'S

LUCKY
STIFFS! I
WISH WE
WERE
GOING
ALONG!

MAYBE WE WILL!
BUT FIRST WE'RE
HAVING A TALK
WITH A COUPLE
OF NAZI SPIES!



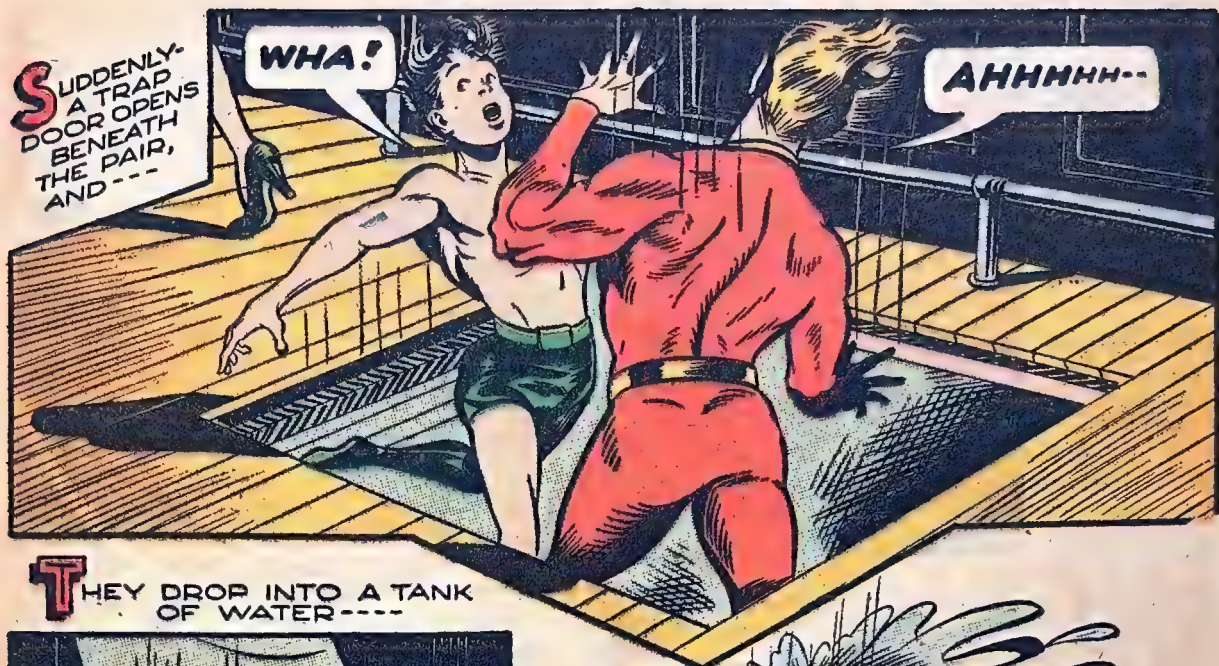
LIMEY DROPS HIS HAND
BELOW THE BAR, AND--

BLIMEY!
SO YOU KNOW!
WELL, IT WON'T
DO YOU---!

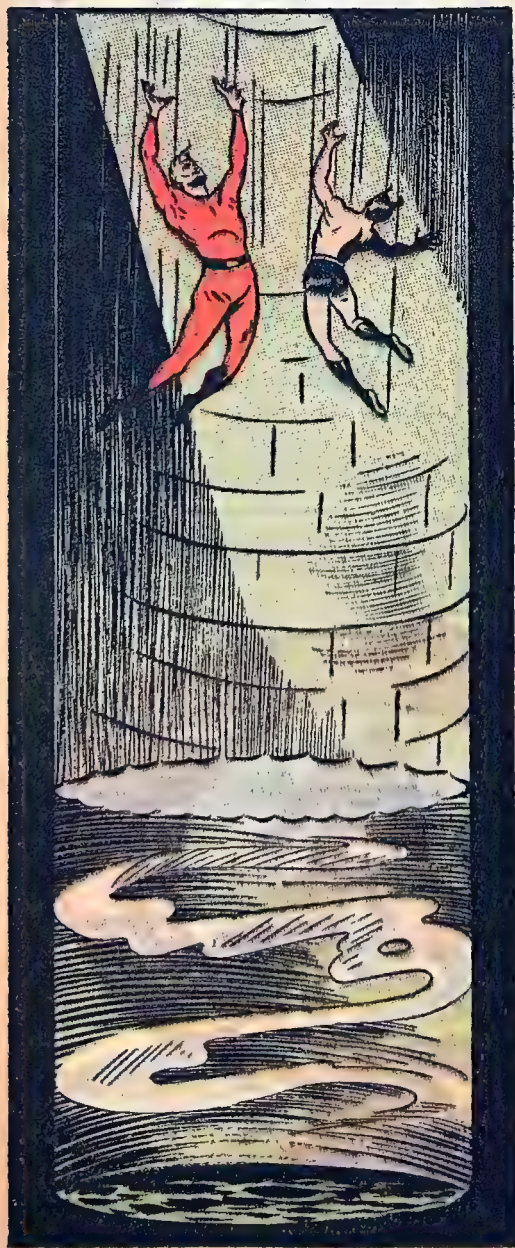
SUDDENLY,
A TRAP
DOOR OPENS
BENEATH
THE PAIR,
AND---

WHA!

AHHHHH--



THEY DROP INTO A TANK
OF WATER----



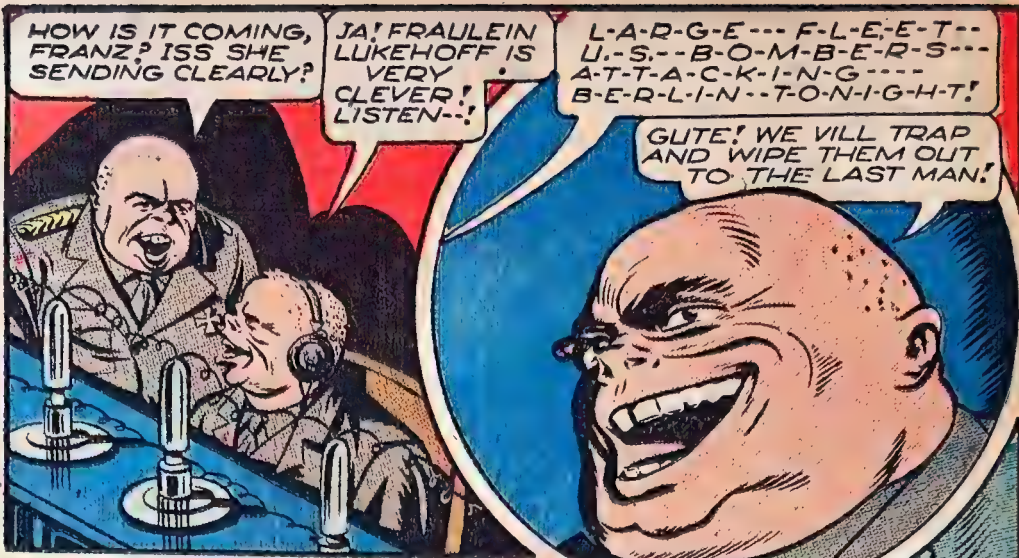
WHILE ABOVE THEM, FRAULEIN
LUKEHOFF PLAYS HER PIANO---
AND EVERY NOTE THAT RIPPLES
FROM UNDER HER KNOWING FIN-
GERS SPELL --- **DEATH!!!**

IF THOSE FOOLS
ONLY KNEW HOW
MANY LIVES THIS
PIANO HAS
HELPED TO
TAKE-- EH,
LANA?

MANY, LIMEY!
BUT THIS MUST
BE OUR LAST!
OUR WORK HERE
IS FINISHED!



AND IN BERLIN, AN EXPERT CRYPTOGRAPHER LISTENS INTENTLY TO THE SEEMINGLY INNOCENT BROADCAST, SEPARATING THE MUSICAL NOTES SO THEY FORM A CLEVER CODE!



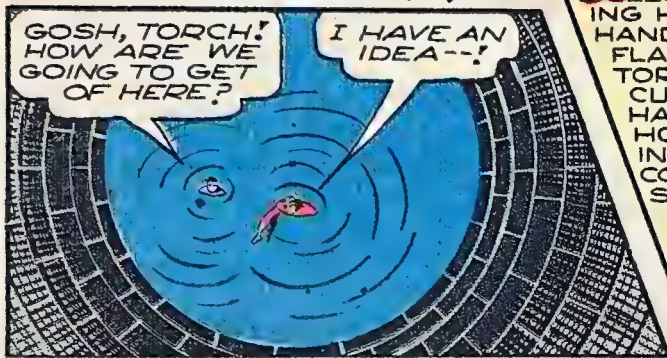
HOW IS IT COMING, FRANZ? ISS SHE SENDING CLEARLY?

JA, FRAULEIN LUKEHOFF IS VERY CLEVER! LISTEN--!

L-A-R-G-E---F-L-E-E-T--
U-S--B-O-M-B-E-R-S---
A-T-T-A-C-K-I-N-G---
B-E-R-L-I-N--T-O-N-I-G-H-T!

GUTE! WE VILL TRAP AND WIPE THEM OUT TO THE LAST MAN!

WHILE IN ENGLAND, TORCH AND TORO FIGHT DESPERATELY AGAINST TIME--!

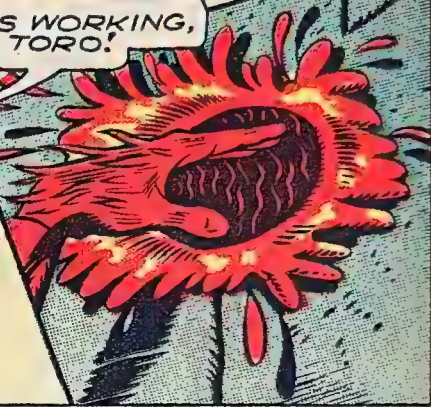


GOSH, TORCH! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OF HERE?

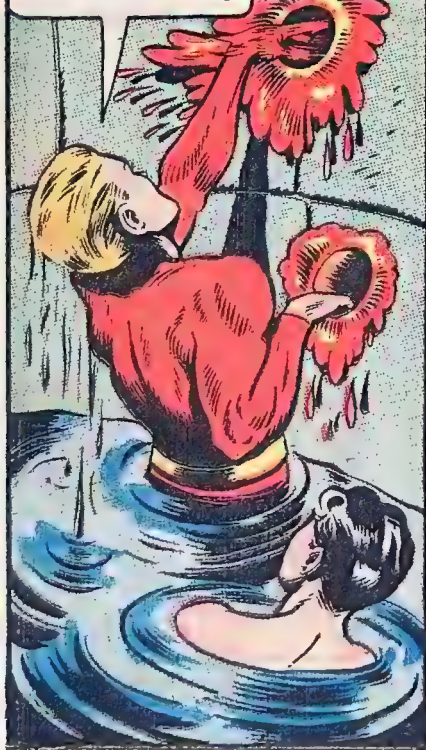
I HAVE AN IDEA--!

ALLOWING HIS HAND TO FLAME, TORCH CUTS HAND-HOLDS IN THE CONCRETE SIDES OF THE TANK, AND--

IT'S WORKING, TORO!



NOW FOR HERR LUKEHOFF AND HIS SISTER!



WHILE ABOVE--HERR LUKEHOFF AND HIS SISTER ARE LEAVING, WHEN ----

IN A FEW HOURS A SUBMARINE WILL TAKE US TO BERLIN AND--- WHA--?

HIMMEL! THE TORCH!



THE FIERY PAIR QUICKLY TRAP THE SPIES IN A CIRCLE OF FLAME!

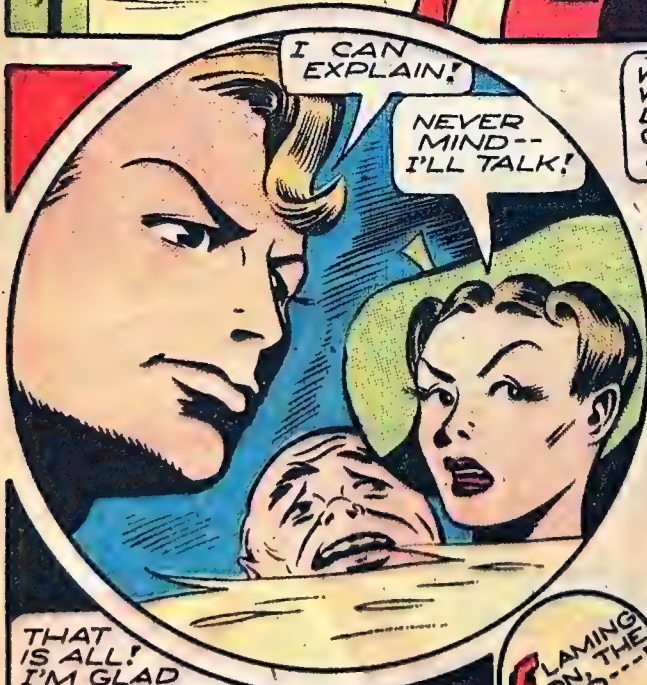
**MERCY!
MERCY!**

MERCY? THE
USUAL NAZI
CRY WHEN
CORNERED!

GENERAL
CARTER--!

GOOD! I SEE YOU'VE
CAUGHT THEM! WE'D
NEVER HAVE SUS-
PECTED THEM IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR
YOUR TIP!

ALWAYS!
THERE BE AN
ENGLAND!



I CAN
EXPLAIN!

NEVER
MIND--
I'LL TALK!

WE ARE GERMAN! OUR PARENTS
WERE SPIES HERE DURING THE
LAST WAR! THEY WERE NEVER
CAUGHT--- WHEN HITLER CAME
INTO POWER, MY BROTHER AND
I CARRIED ON OUR PARENT'S
WORK! OUR ASSIGNMENT
WAS TO GATHER FLIGHT
SCHEDULES AND SEND
THEM TO BERLIN
BY CODE----!



THAT
IS ALL!
I'M GLAD
WE TRICKED
YOU SWINE!
WE'LL DIE, BUT
EVEN NOW,
THOUSANDS
OF YOUR
MEN ARE FLY-
ING INTO A
DEATH TRAP
IN BERLIN!

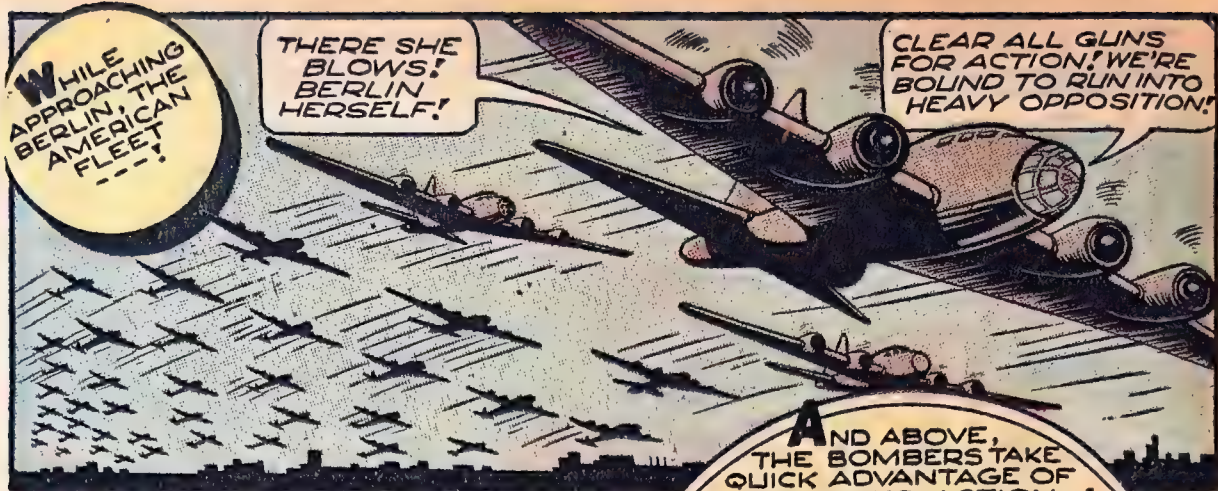
WHAT??

THE MES-
SAGE WAS
SENT
THROUGH!
FLAME ON,
TORO!
WE'VE
WORK
TO DO!

FLAMING
ON, THE
DUO----

WE'LL MAKE BETTER
TIME THAN THE
BOMBERS!
MAYBE WE
CAN RE-
VERSE
THAT
DEATH
TRAP!





WHILE APPROACHING BERLIN, THE AMERICAN FLEET ---!

THERE SHE BLOWS! BERLIN HERSELF!

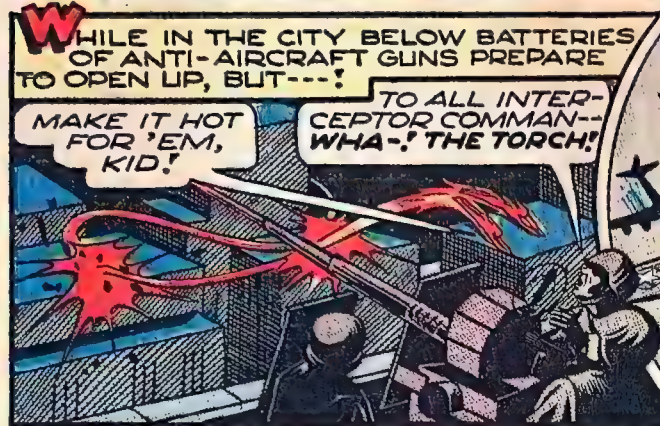
CLEAR ALL GUNS FOR ACTION! WE'RE BOUND TO RUN INTO HEAVY OPPOSITION!



AND ABOVE, THE BOMBERSTAKE QUICK ADVANTAGE OF THE DUO'S ACTION--!

C'MON, YOLI NAZI SNAKE'S! HAVE A LOAD OF AMERICAN LEAD!

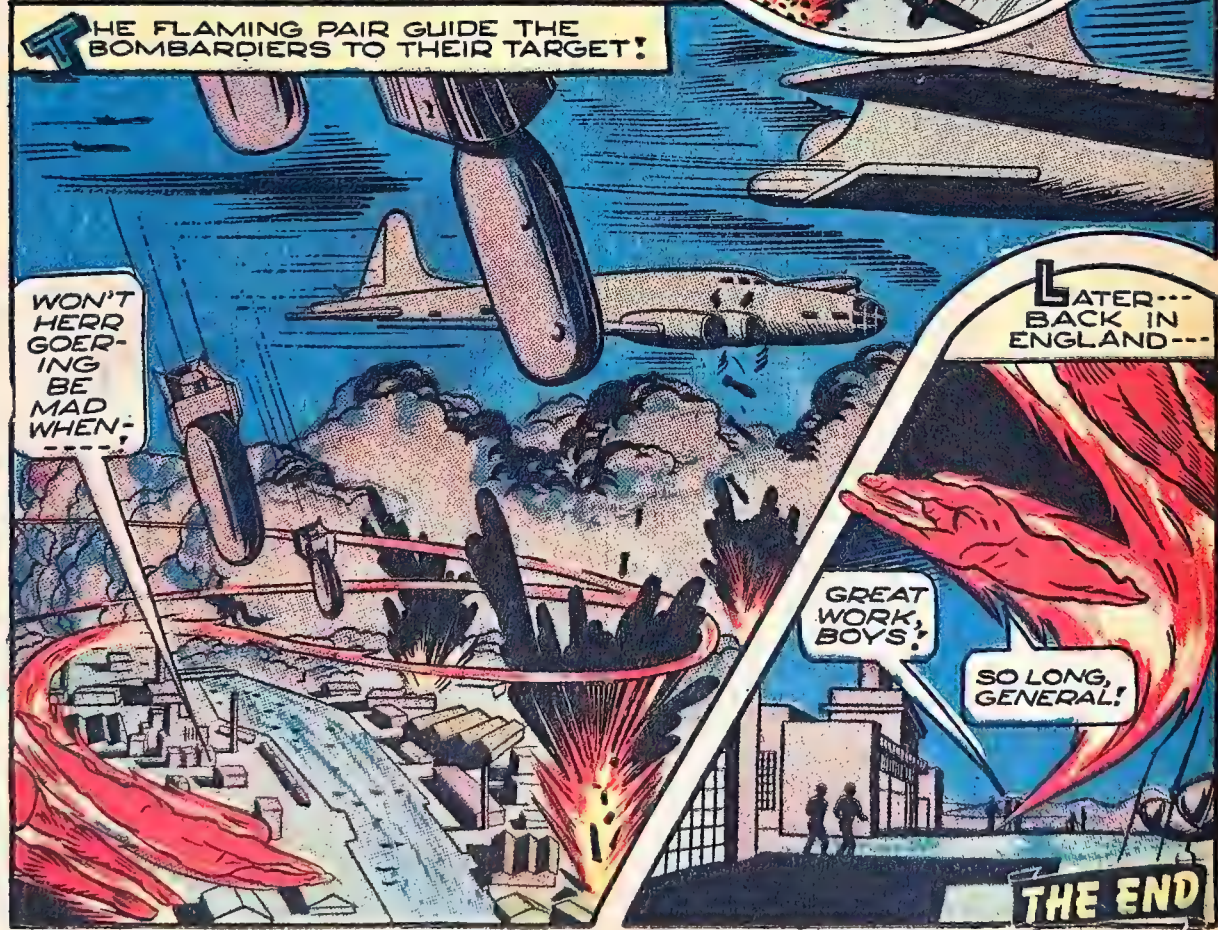
TO ALL PLANES! BOMBS AWAY!



WHILE IN THE CITY BELOW BATTERIES OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS PREPARE TO OPEN UP, BUT---

MAKE IT HOT FOR 'EM, KID!

TO ALL INTERCEPTOR COMMAN-- WHA--! THE TORCH!



THE FLAMING PAIR GUIDE THE BOMBARDIERS TO THEIR TARGET!

WON'T HERR GOERING BE MAD WHEN---

LATER--- BACK IN ENGLAND---

GREAT WORK, BOYS!

SO LONG, GENERAL!

THE END

MISS **TEEN-AGE GIRLS!!!** *Enter the* **America** **MAGAZINE** *Contest!!* **\$1000** in *Cash Prizes* **ANYONE CAN WIN!**

Thrilling news... The Publisher of **CAPTAIN AMERICA, MARVEL COMICS, THE HUMAN TORCH, TERRY TOONS, SUBMARINER**, and many, many other exciting magazines, including the glamorous **SCREEN STARS**, is making magazine history with his newest, most important publication—**MISS AMERICA**.

Girls, **DON'T MISS** the **MOST WONDERFUL MAGAZINE** ever to hit the news-stands; it is a magazine **FOR GIRLS ONLY**—teen-age girls.
It is the magazine you have been waiting for, longing for

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE FEATURES IN MISS AMERICA? HOLD YOUR BREATH!

COMICS!

BEAUTY!

MOVIES!

STORIES!

FASHIONS!

GLAMOR!

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Banty Rides again

CHECKING off the last items on his list for Ed Scoggins' camp, Banty folded the paper and tucked it inside his pocket. Mike Winters chuckled from behind the safety of the big counter.

"Boys have been talking about you again, Banty," Mike disclosed with a quick grin in the general direction of the listeners. "Guess they figure it's a cinch running the Seaspoock."

Banty nodded. "Maybe they'd like to try it. I need help."

Charlie and Marty Henderson came out of a corner, and Banty turned his small body. Charlie said, "Marty and I figured if that job's so tough—"

"Okay, okay," Banty growled. "Get your duds and come along. Ed would lose days if he had to get supplies over the mountains. Come along and see what kind of sailors you'd really make."

* * * *

BANTY had the sails set and the sloop was making nice headway against a choppy sea. Charlie Henderson winked at Marty. "Weather looks good," he called to Banty. "What does the barometer say?"

"I dunno," Banty admitted, glancing back. "It's been busted a long time now, and I couldn't get another. Weather's okay at present. But it's coming up tough."

The sloop had a brisk breeze back of her most of the way, and, while there was a deep swell, the boat ploughed along steadily, sails belied full, spray dancing from her bow.

The moon replaced the sun and the wind held up. The gently heaving breast of the ocean was ruffled, while away to the east lay the darkened outline of the coast, whitely ribboned by breakers.

By sun-up, the Seaspoock was running close to shore. Charlie had the wheel. "This is duck soup. Why, all this time I figured running this boat was a real job. Hey, Banty, you been pulling the wool over our eyes?"

Banty snorted. "We aren't back yet, son."

By afternoon the weather was muddy, the ocean beginning to kick up a fuss. Banty took the wheel as the sloop nosed in toward the shore, where Ed's little landing pier jutted out into the water. The wind was rising and Charlie and Marty hustled to empty the sheets, as Banty guided the boat in alongside of the pier.

"Ed's usually down to meet us," Banty announced. "From here in it's only a short haul for him. He struck it rich back there in the mountains."

"That's gold in them thar hills, huh?" Marty cracked.

Banty glowered. "We'll walk up before unloading, wise guys."

The shack was shadowed by spruce and hemlock. Banty pulled the latch-string, stepped inside—

There he stopped short, breath catching in his throat. Swiftly his eyes swept the interior of the shack, noting Ed bound on the floor, the two men flattened against the walls. The guns in their hands were very businesslike, very steady. No chance of a possible miss.

"Okay," Banty growled. "You got the drop, stranger. Just don't get an itchy finger."

"Come on in," the taller of the two men snarled. Black eyes swept the three newcomers. "Okay," he said softly. "We've been waiting for you. You've got supplies—"

"For Ed," Banty answered. "We're going to unload—"

"Not now," the man snapped. "Just leave 'em where they are. Because we're going with you and we'll need that grub. You're taking us up coast to White Stone. From there on we can take care of ourselves. If you've got any objections, get 'em off your chest."

* * * *

BANTY knew they were licked. No sense kicking now, not with a couple of rifles pointed at your midriff. "Unless my friends

here have anything to say—"

"Can't think of a thing," Marty Henderson cracked. "Words fail me."

"Okay," the big guy growled. "March down to the moat. This guy . . . he'll be okay. Don't worry about him!"

The wind had come up now and the ocean was checkered with white-caps. Charlie and Marty got the sails set, their faces stern and unsmiling for once.

Later the wind rose high and the sloop stuck her nose into growing waves. Spray hurtled her length, hissing against the canvas, burning Banty's face. He wasn't worried . . . not yet. But he knew they had a long haul before them, and this storm would get worse soon. If he could only fool their captors about directions—

* * * *

THE BIG man inched his way forward, spray glistening on his hard face. "No tricks," he shouted above the howl of the wind. "One slip and you're done. You're sure you're headed for White Stone?"

"That's where you wanted to go," Banty retorted. "If we don't make it, that's not my fault. This is no ocean-going liner."

Night came down, thick and black and howling. Marty and Charlie clung to the rigging near Banty, who could feel the pound of waves against the hull of the boat. Charlie's face was still grim, tight.

Later the big man inched his way back again. "You're sure you're headed right?"

"You want to take over?" Banty invited.

The big fellow stared away into the blasting night. Fear ringed his mouth, was reflected from the black of his eyes. The wind hovered, came down with a screaming smash that sent the sloop over on her side, water washing up half way to her center. The big man yelled, grabbed at the rigging to save himself. The sloop rolled back and he crawled forward, disappeared into the galley.

Grimly Banty fought the storm, and later Charlie crawled below deck. He came back shortly. "Both those guys are sick as dogs. A couple hours more—"

Banty grimly clung to the wheel as a mountainous wave came smashing down. Charlie's face went white and he cried out as water poured over them. Doggedly the boat battled its way to the surface, groggy and lifeless. The wind screamed at it again, bellying the sails till it seemed they could hold no more.

It was midnight . . . filled with the roar of the waves, the howl of the wind, the emptiness inside Banty that seemed never to leave him. He

loved the wind and the water, the wide reaches of the ocean under the skimming hull of the sloop. But this was different. This was the part he knew but secretly dreaded.

* * * *

MORNING light came in late, a sickly strip of grey against the horizon. Banty's body felt numb with fatigue. His mind was almost a blank. But there was grim satisfaction inside him as, at last, he headed toward the coast line.

The sloop rolled sluggishly. The canvas was sodden, and Banty knew it had been damaged by rain and wind. It was a wonder it had held.

The pier showed before them, an unshaking finger pointed out to sea. Then the sloop was beside it, was tied up.

Mike Winters was there, looking worried, proud. Banty jerked his thumb toward the door leading beneath deck.

"In there," Banty yelled hoarsely. "Couple of guys . . . must have cleaned out Ed's ore he's been digging. They wanted to go to White Stone—"

Charlie and Marty Henderson appeared from the doorway, looking white but managing a grin. "It's okay," Charlie yelled. "They're tied tight. Didn't know what was happening even. Too sick—"

* * * *

IT WAS quiet in Mike Winters' store. Banty finished his mug of coffee, started to slide into his oilskins. Charlie looked at him from blood-shot eyes. "You take the cake," the young fellow growled.

"No barometer, no nothing. Just plain damned luck. You took us plenty far out just to make those two guys so damned sick they couldn't lift a finger when they knew you'd tricked them." Charlie hesitated, then asked, "What—what kind of sailing did we do, Banty?"

Banty chuckled. "Okay. Better than I expected. In fact, I was kind of worried you and Marty wouldn't hold out, and would leave it all up to me!"

"Where you going now?"

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Banty asked.

"Meaning—what?"

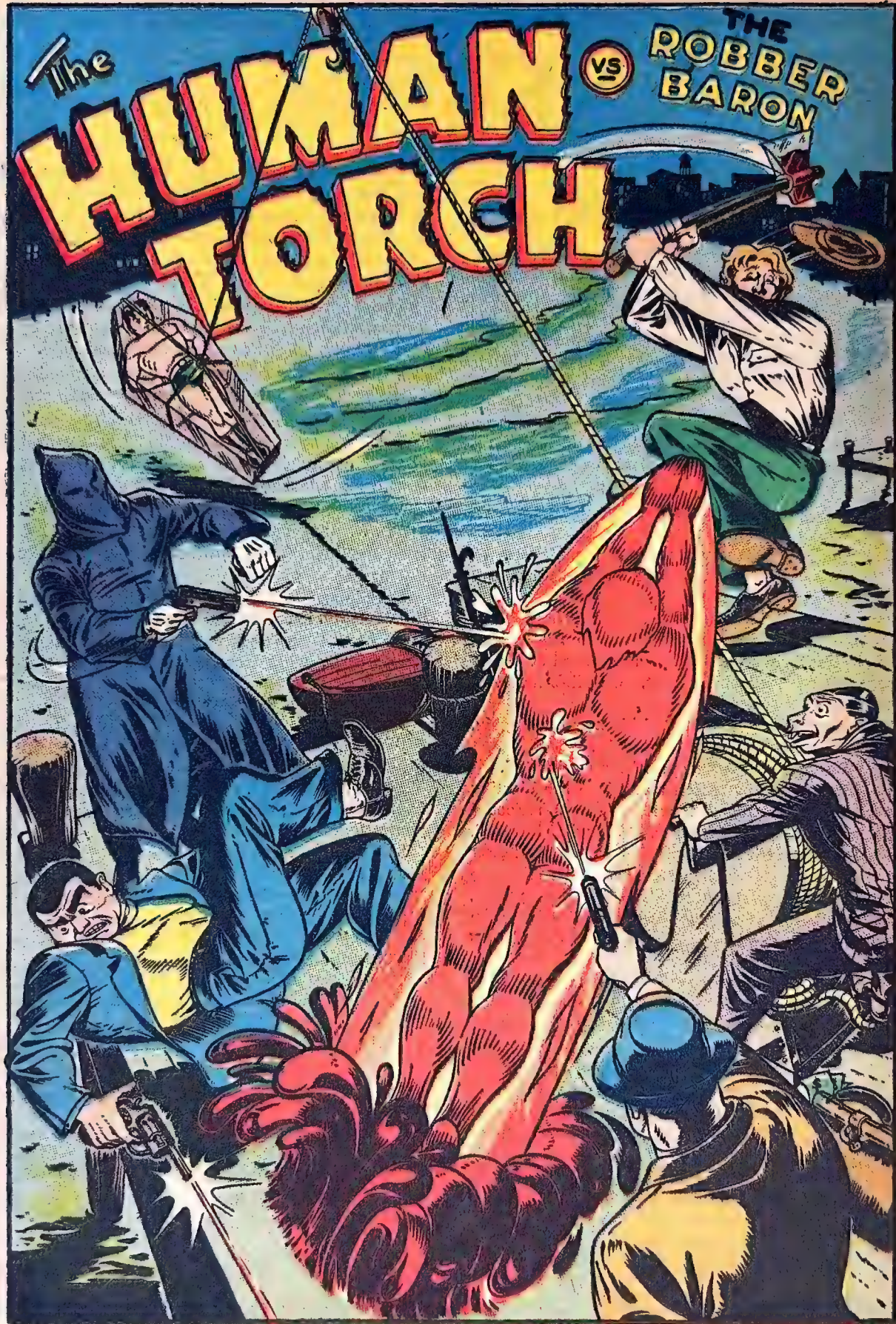
"Ed Scoggins," Banty reminded. "Back there in the shack. I'll have to go back tonight with Ed's supplies. Besides, he's liable to be pretty cramped, tied up like that for long!"

THE END

The HUMAN TORCH

VS

THE ROBBER BARON





OKAY, BOYS! LET'S GO!
I'LL TAKE THE BAG!
WEASEL, YOU STAY IN THE
HEAP AND KEEP THE
MOTOR GOING!

YEAH! WE WON'T BE
LONG! THE JOB'S A
CINCH!



STEPPING FROM THE CAR, THE THUGS WALK SWIFTLY
INTO THE BANK AND...

OKAY, SUCKERS, THIS
IS A HOLDUP! THE
FIRST ONE PEEPS
GETS BUMPED! BLACKY,
YOU HOLD THE DOOR!
LANKY, YOU AND I'LL
CLEAN THE TILLS!

RIGHT, BOSS! ALL-
RIGHT YOU! BACK
THERE! BACK!

BANG!

WORKING SWIFTLY, THE THUGS CLEAN OUT THE CASH,
BUT, AS THEY STEP FROM THE LAST CAGE, THE
BANK'S PRESIDENT...

SHORTLY AFTER, THE THUGS EMERGE AND
MAKE FOR THE DOOR, LEAVING...

WHAT GOES ON HERE?
HOW DARE YOU MEN-?

ALLRIGHT, NOSEY! GET
BACK IN THAT ROOM!
WE MIGHT AS WELL
CLEAN YOU TOO!

GET A DOCTOR!
THEY'VE KILLED
MR. BLAIR!

STOP THIEF!
STOP!

C'MON!
LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!



WHILE, STROLLING LEISURELY TOWARD THE BANK,
ARE TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES WITHOUT A CARE
IN THE WORLD, UNTIL...

JOINING THE EXCITED TELLER...

WHAT HAPPENED?

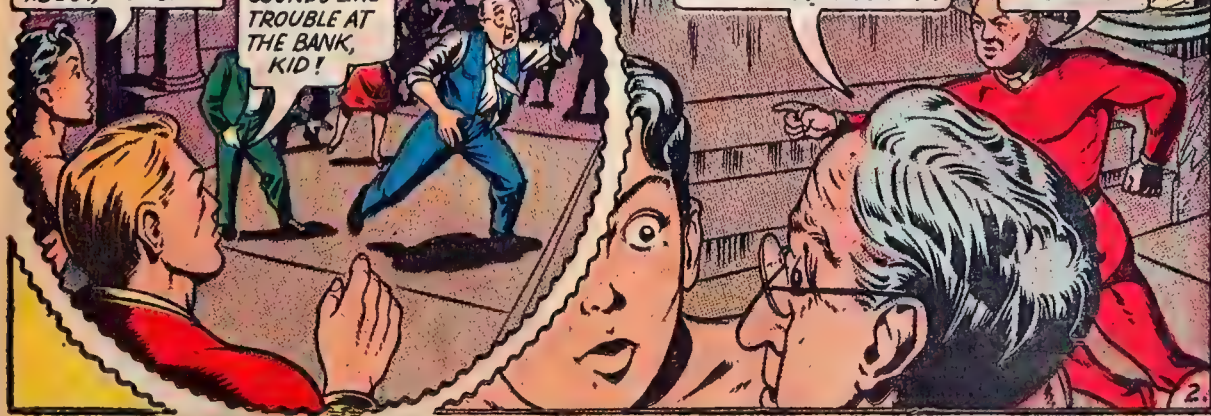
WHAT'S ALL THE
EXCITEMENT
ABOUT, TORCH?

HELP! POLICE! MURDER!

SOUNDS LIKE
TROUBLE AT
THE BANK,
KID!

BANDITS STUCK UP
THE BANK AND
KILLED THE PRESIDENT!

COME ON, TORO!
THE BANDITS CAN
WAIT! LET'S HAVE
A LOOK AT THE
VICTIM!



RUSHING INTO MR. BLAIR'S OFFICE, THE DUO FIND HIM VERY MUCH ALIVE !

BUT AS TORCH BENDS DOWN TO EXAMINE THE SAFE ...

THEY SAID YOU WERE DEAD ?

JUST EMPTIED MY POCKETS AND KNOCKED ME OUT !

DID THEY TOUCH THIS SAFE ? LET'S SEE !

DON'T TOUCH THAT SAFE ! THEY, ER... MIGHT HAVE LEFT MARKS !

HE MEANS THE POLICE MIGHT WANT TO DUST IT FOR PRINTS, TORCH !

I DIDN'T ! HMM... WHAT'S THIS... ? OKAY, TORO, LET'S GO ! WE'LL TRY TO GET A LINE ON THE CROOKS !

WHAT'D YOU SEE IN THERE, TORCH ?

TELL YOU LATER, KID ! FLAME ON, KID, WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE THOSE THUGS !

FLAMING ON, THE FIERY DUO...

HOW'RE WE GOING TO LOCATE THEM NOW ? WE'VE NOTHING TO GO ON !

YES WE HAVE ! THEY'RE DRIVING A TAN COLORED SEDAN, AND WERE LAST SEEN HEADING NORTH !

MINUTES LATER...

SHUCKS ! WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME ! WE'LL NE-

LOOK, KID ! THE CAR ! IT'S A TAN COLORED SEDAN ! COME ON ! WE'LL FOLLOW THEM !

WHILE WITHIN THE CAR, THE FOUR THUGS ...

HA ! HA ! WHAT A CAFER ! AND WE MADE IT LOOK SO REAL !

YEAH ! THE BOSS IS SMART ! WHAT'S UP, WEASEL ?

WE GOT COMPANY, BOSS ! LOOK ! IN THE MIRROR !

IT'S THAT FLAMING SNOOPER, THE TORCH ! WE'VE GOT TO DITCH HIM !

BUT PERMANENTLY ! HOW ABOUT THE OLD WAREHOUSE ?

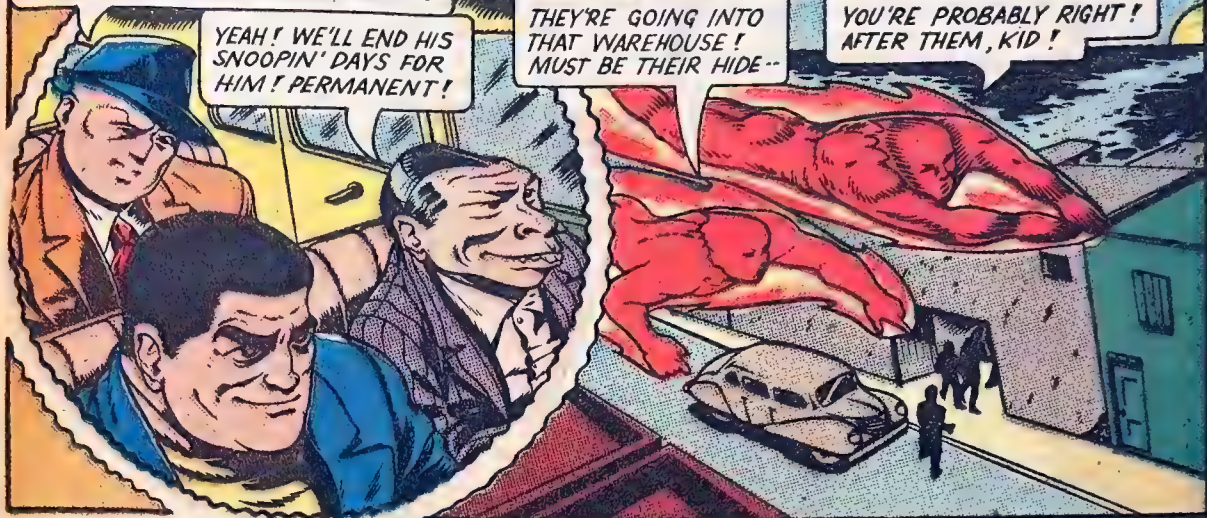
THE WAREHOUSE? GOOD! HEAD FOR IT WEASEL! WE'LL FIX THE TORCH!

WHILE, FLAMING ABOVE THEM, THE UNSUSPECTING DUO...

YEAH! WE'LL END HIS SNOOPIN' DAYS FOR HIM! PERMANENT!

THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT WAREHOUSE! MUST BE THEIR HIDE--

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT! AFTER THEM, KID!



THE FLAMING SLEUTHS ZOOM AFTER THEIR QUARRY BUT ARE MET BY...

AND IN A MATTER OF SECONDS...

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THIS'LL COOL YOU OFF!

TORCH- MY FLAMES!

THEY'RE HELPLESS! RUSH 'EM!

SO! YOU CAME LOOKING FOR TROUBLE? WELL, YOU FOUND IT!

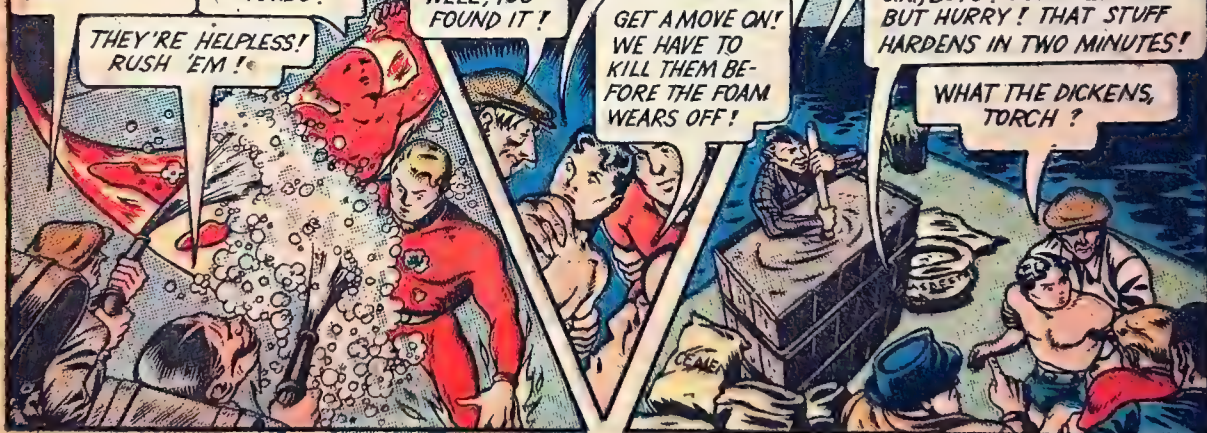
NOT HALF THE TROUBLE YOU'RE GOING TO FIND!

GET A MOVE ON! WE HAVE TO KILL THEM BEFORE THE FOAM WEARS OFF!

IT'S READY, ROCKY! THEY'LL NEVER FLAME OUT OF THIS!

O.K., BOYS! DUMP 'EM IN! BUT HURRY! THAT STUFF HARDENS IN TWO MINUTES!

WHAT THE DICKENS, TORCH?



THE DUO ARE PLACED IN THE QUICK-HARDENING CEMENT AND THE FORM IS REMOVED...

IT'S A QUICK-DRYING MIXTURE FIREPROOFED BY THE ASBESTOS, KID!

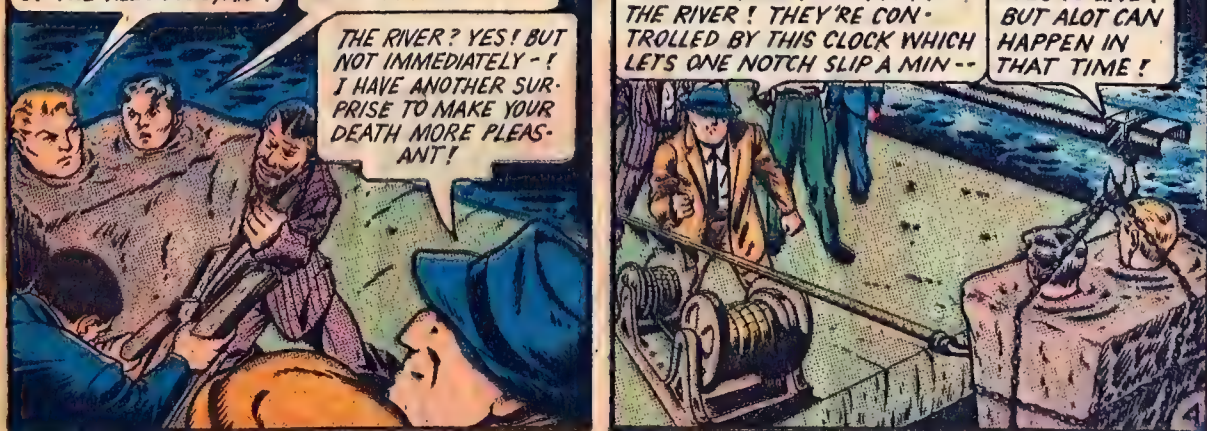
BUT, TORCH, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO DUMP US IN...?!

THE RIVER? YES! BUT NOT IMMEDIATELY--! I HAVE ANOTHER SURPRISE TO MAKE YOUR DEATH MORE PLEASANT!

THE CEMENT BLOCK CONTAINING THE HELPLESS DUO IS HOISTED ONTO A TRACK AND RUN OUT OVER THE RIVER...

THE NOTCHES ON THIS BAR PREVENT YOUR PLUNGING IN THE RIVER! THEY'RE CONTROLLED BY THIS CLOCK WHICH LETS ONE NOTCH SLIP A MIN--

I KNOW! WE HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE! BUT ALOT CAN HAPPEN IN THAT TIME!



AS THE THUGS LEAVE...

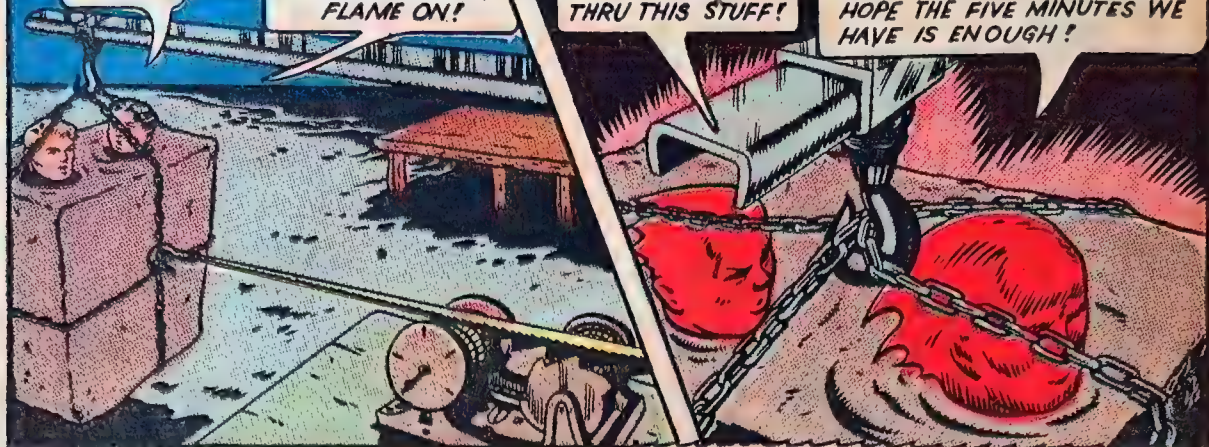
GOSH, TORCH, WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS!

DON'T GIVE UP, KID! I'VE AN IDEA ALREADY! FLAME ON!

PUZZLED... KNOWING THE CEMENT IS FIREPROOFED, BUT TRUSTING TORCH, TORO OBEYS...

BUT, TORCH! WE CAN'T FLAME THRU THIS STUFF!

BUT WE CAN MAKE IT AWFUL HOT! JUST TRUST ME AND HOPE THE FIVE MINUTES WE HAVE IS ENOUGH!



THE MINUTES SLIP BY AND AS THEY DO, SO DO THE NOTCHES ON THE STEEL BAR, UNTIL...

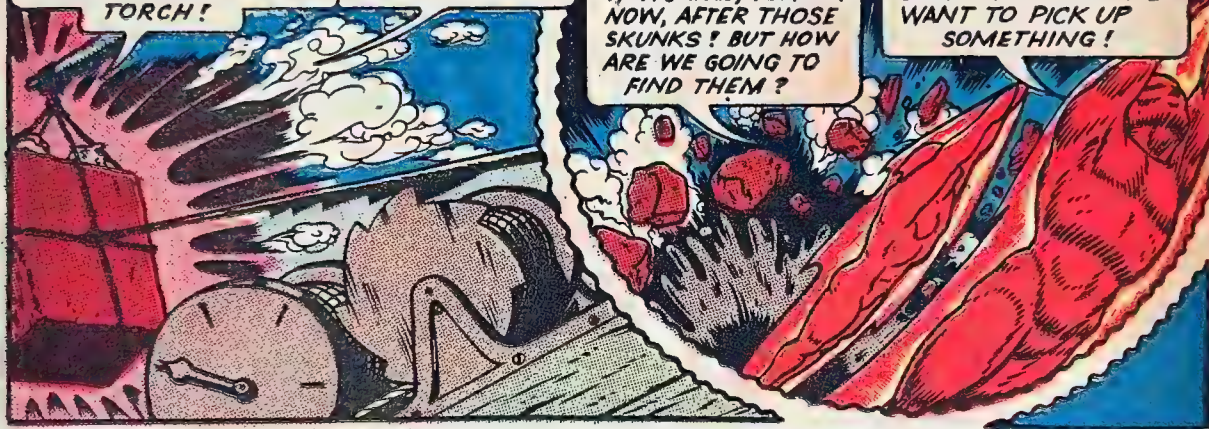
FIFTEEN SECONDS! IF YOUR PLAN DOESN'T WORK, IT'S GOODBYE, TORCH!

IT'LL WORK, KID! THE CONCRETE'S RED HOT NOW!

AS THE HAND COMPLETES ITS FIFTH ROUND, THE SMOKING MASS OF CONCRETE CONTAINING THE DUO DROPS AND HITS THE ICY RIVER WHICH CAUSES IT TO CRACK OPEN!

GOLLY, WE'RE FREE! IT WORKED, TORCH! NOW, AFTER THOSE SKUNKS! BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND THEM?

EASY! BUT, FIRST, TO OUR APARTMENT! I WANT TO PICK UP SOMETHING!



ARRIVING AT THEIR APARTMENT, TORCH...

HAVE YOU GONE NUTS? WHAT ARE YOU DOING THAT FOR?

TELL YOU LATER! WE'VE GOT SOME EAVESDROPPING TO DO JUST NOW!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, NEAR A BEAUTIFUL ESTATE ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF TOWN...

I THOUGHT WE WERE AFTER BANK ROBBERS!

WE ARE! AND STRANGE AS IT SEEMS, CLIMBING THIS POLE IS THE WAY TO CATCH THEM!



MEANWHILE, IN A HIDEOUT NOT FAR AWAY...

WHO IS IT, LANKY?

OUR PARTNER IN CRIME! HE WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU!



WHILE, ON THE POLE, TORCH HAS TAPPED THE WIRES LEADING TO THE BIG ESTATE AND LISTENS TO AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION!

THE SNOOPERS ARE DEAD? GOOD! WHERE ARE YOU HIDING OUT?

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!

FLAME ON, TORO!

THE LAST SHACK ON SAYER'S AVENUE!

WHAT THE--?

INSTANTLY THE DUO FLAME!

WHAT'S UP?

PLENTY! I KNOW WHERE THAT MOB IS HIDING AND WE'RE GOING TO SMOKE THEM OUT!

AND AT THE BANK-ROBBERS' HIDEOUT, THE PHONE IS STILL BUSY...

DON'T WORRY, WE'RE SAFE! NOW, HOW ABOUT ANOTHER JOB? YEAH? THAT'S FINE! SO LONG!

WHAT'S COOKIN' ROCKY?

PLENTY! WE'RE GOING TO DO ANOTHER JOB ON--?

THE PRISON ROCK-PILE!

THE TORCH! GET HIM!

THE FLAMING PAIR EXPLODE INTO ACTION!

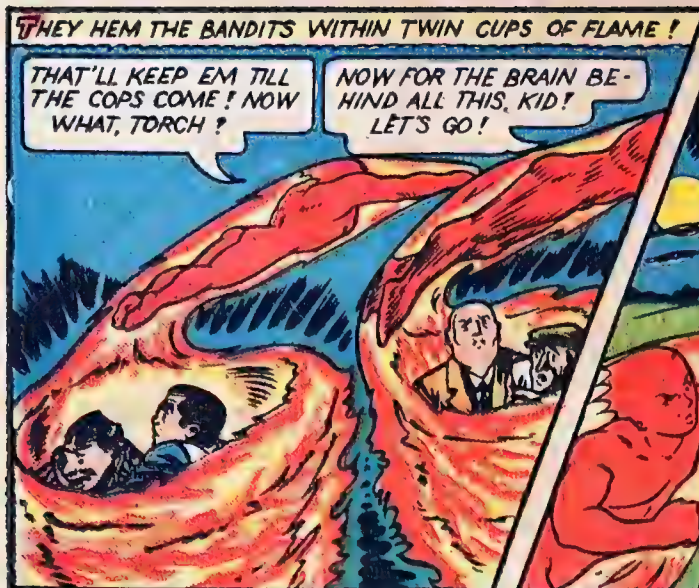
HELP! LET ME OUT OF THIS!

WE PLAY TOO ROUGH, KID!

THIS IS ONLY THE WARM-UP, PALS!

AND THIS IS--

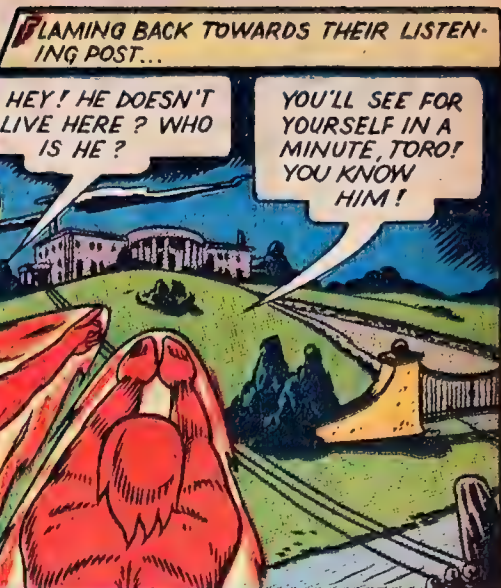
THE REAL THING!



THEY HEM THE BANDITS WITHIN TWIN CUPS OF FLAME !

THAT'LL KEEP EM TILL THE COPS COME ! NOW WHAT, TORCH ?

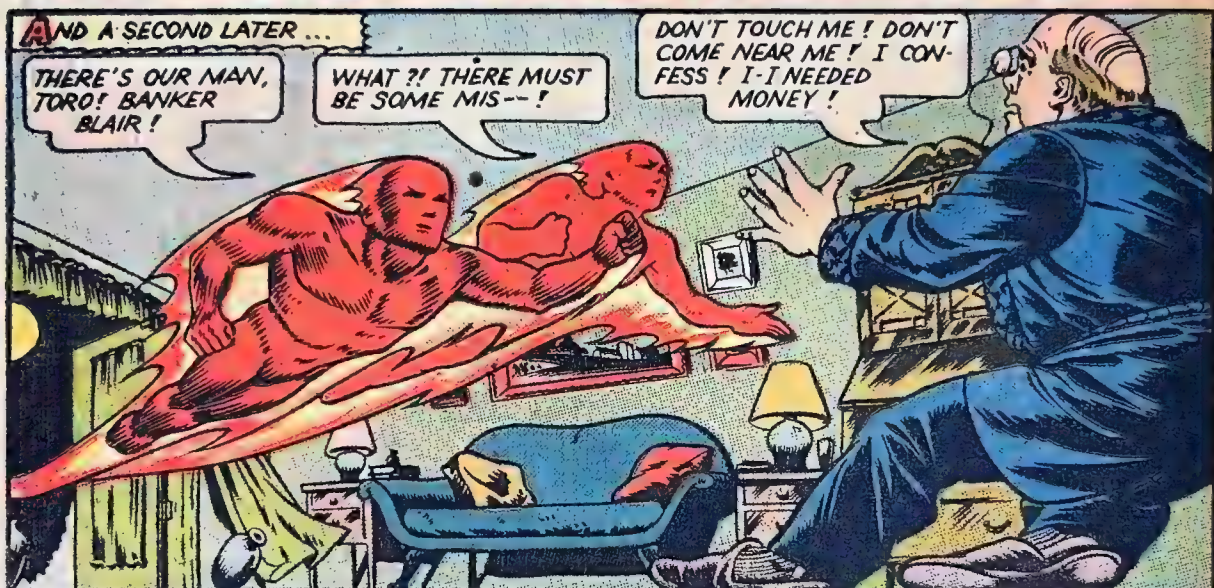
NOW FOR THE BRAIN BEHIND ALL THIS, KID ! LET'S GO !



FLAMING BACK TOWARDS THEIR LISTENING POST...

HEY ! HE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ? WHO IS HE ?

YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF IN A MINUTE, TORO ! YOU KNOW HIM !

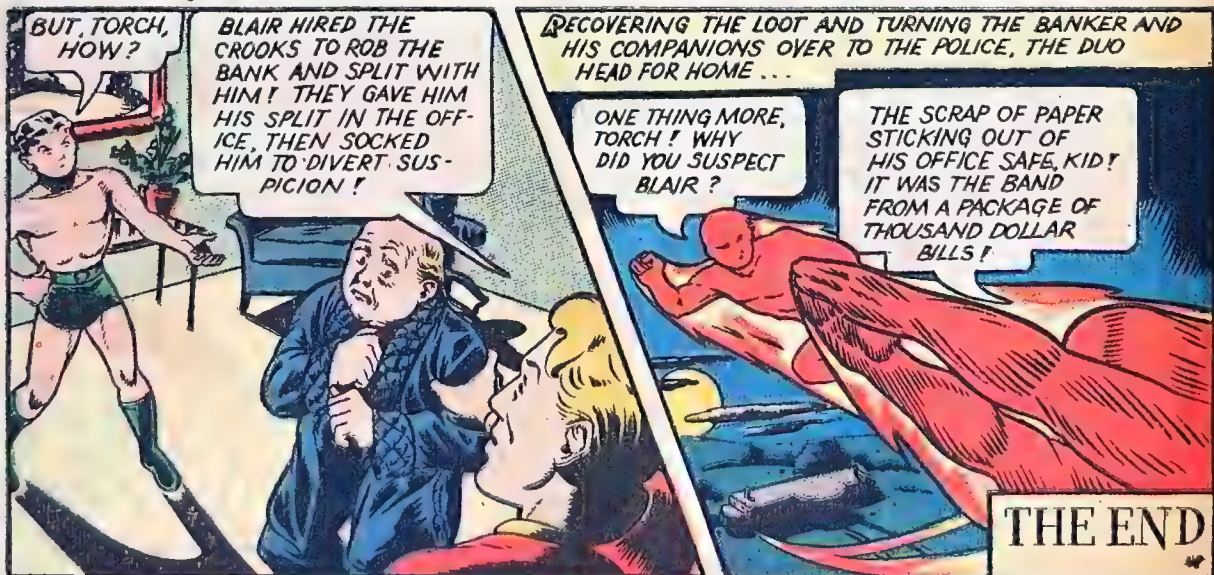


AND A SECOND LATER ...

THERE'S OUR MAN, TORO ! BANKER BLAIR !

WHAT ? ! THERE MUST BE SOME MIS-- !

DON'T TOUCH ME ! DON'T COME NEAR ME ! I CONFESS ! I-I NEEDED MONEY !



BUT, TORCH, HOW ?

BLAIR HIRED THE CROOKS TO ROB THE BANK AND SPLIT WITH HIM ! THEY GAVE HIM HIS SPLIT IN THE OFFICE, THEN SOCKED HIM TO DIVERT SUSPICION !

RECOVERING THE LOOT AND TURNING THE BANKER AND HIS COMPANIONS OVER TO THE POLICE, THE DUO HEAD FOR HOME ...

ONE THING MORE, TORCH ! WHY DID YOU SUSPECT BLAIR ?

THE SCRAP OF PAPER STICKING OUT OF HIS OFFICE SAFE, KID ! IT WAS THE BAND FROM A PACKAGE OF THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS !

THE END

URGENT!

SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!

A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!



HELLO, KIDS!

YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE!

GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWS-PAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER!

PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON! EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE NEW PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE OLD! TO DAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES... THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO... GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR NEAREST LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT...

DO IT NOW...THIS MINUTE!

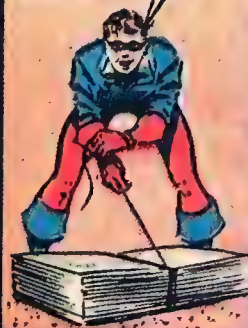
BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE!

THANKS, KIDS!

**HOW TO SAVE
YOUR PAPER
FOR EASY
HANDLING!**

NEWSPAPERS...

FOLD THEM FLAT
AND TIE THEM IN
BUNDLES ABOUT
12 INCHES HIGH!



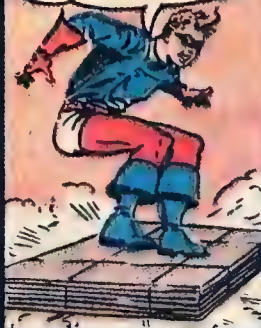
MAGAZINES...

TIE THEM IN
BUNDLES ABOUT
18 INCHES HIGH!



CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS...

FLATTEN THEM
OUT AND TIE THEM
IN BUNDLES ABOUT
12 INCHES HIGH!



WASTEBASKET PAPER, WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.!

PACK DOWN IN A
BOX OR BAG SO
THAT IT CAN BE
CARRIED!



FIERCE MARINER



INTO A POOL INFESTED
WITH FIERCE SHARKS
SUBMARINER IS DUMPED
BY A GANG OF SHANGHAING
TRAITORS IN A THRILLING
ADVENTURE OF A JAP SUB
AND ENEMY OPERATORS IN
A...

**JOURNEY
to DEATH!**

AS SUBMARINER STEPS INTO A REVOLVING DOOR ANOTHER MAN STEPS INTO THE SAME COMPARTMENT AHEAD OF HIM...

WHAT TH—

SORRY SIR!



AS SUBMARINER STEPS OUT OF THE DOOR..

YOU... STEP ON MY HEELS, WILL YA!



I SAID I WAS SORRY!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO
TRIP YOU!!



I'LL GET YOU
FOR THIS!

THREATS NEVER
HURT ANYBODY.



AS SUBMARINER, IN NEED OF WATER, WALKS TOWARD THE WATERFRONT...

WATER PEPS ME UP
ME FOR THE
BRINY DEER



GRAB HIS LEGS!

GAG HIM!



GROWING WEAK FROM LACK OF WATER NAMOR FEELS HIS STRENGTH WANING AGAINST THE GREAT ODDS THAT FACE HIM...

I FEEL FAINT!
GOT... TO HAVE...
SOME... WATER...



THE MIGHTY MAN-OF-THE-SEA FINDS HIMSELF A CAPTIVE OF AN UNKNOWN BAND OF THUGS

WHERE'S THE SACK?

HE'S PLENTY TOUGH!

OH! FOR SOME WATER.

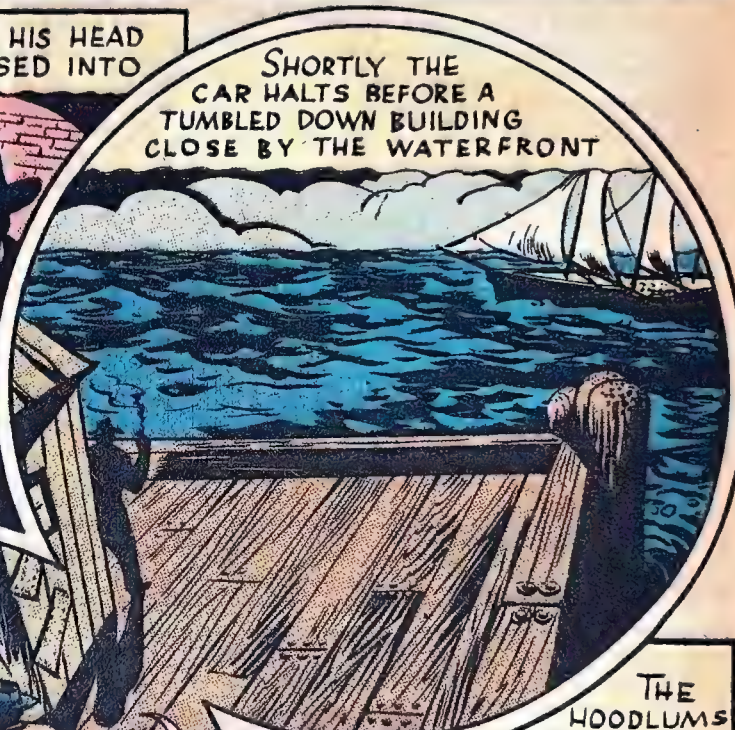


... TIED HAND AND FOOT AND HIS HEAD IN A SACK, NAMOR IS TOSSED INTO A WAITING CAR...

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, LET'S GO.



SHORTLY THE CAR HALTS BEFORE A TUMBLED DOWN BUILDING CLOSE BY THE WATERFRONT



MAKE IT SNAPPY!

GRAB HIS OTHER ARM "GYR"

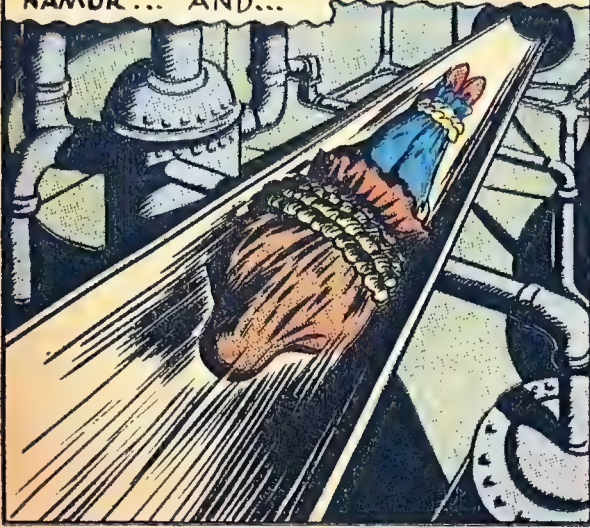


THE HOODLUMS PITCH SUB-MARINER INTO AN OPEN CELLAR WINDOW

YO HEAVE!!!



SLIDING DOWN A CHUTE AND INTO A BLACK, MYSTERIOUS HOLE GOES NAMOR... AND...



TUMBLES, UNAWARE, INTO THE JAWS OF A POOL FULL OF SHARKS...



THE TERRIFIC SPLASH SCATTERS THE SHARKS MOMENTARILY...



THE WATER SENDING NEW STRENGTH THRU HIS BODY, NAMOR EASILY BREAKS THE BONDS THAT TIE HIM.

AH, BACK HOME AGAIN. WHAT'S THIS?



OTHER VICTIMS OF THE GANG GATHER ABOUT THE POOL IN THEIR UNDERGROUND DUNGEON.

HE'S A GONER! LOOK, HE'S KNOCKING THE SHARKS OUT OF THE POOL

WOW! COME ON GIVE HIM A HAND.



AFTER CLEANING THE POOL OF SHARKS
NAMOR JOINS THE AMAZED AUDIENCE!

I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT
IF I HADN'T SEEN IT

SPEAK UP! WHO
ARE YOU FELLOWS?

WE'RE ALL IN THE
SAME BOAT. WE'RE
SHANGHAIED TOO.

THE SEA MAN LEARNS OF HIS CAPTOR

HE'S KNOWN AS THE
"ZIPPER" BECAUSE HE'S
ALWAYS SKINNIN' SOME
BODY. HE'S HEAD OF A
GANG OF SHANGHIERS
THAT OPERATE ALONG
THE WATERFRONT.

A SPOTLIGHT PLAYS ON NAMOR...

HEY, YOU! TAKE
HOLD OF THAT
ROPE. THE BOSS
WANTS TO SEE
YOU!

YES, AND I
WANT TO SEE
HIM!

SUBMARINER RECOGNIZES THE LEADER
AS THE MAN HE MET IN THE
REVOLVING DOOR.

I SEE YOU'VE GOT
YOU'RE GANG
WITH YOU THIS
"TIME "ZIPPER".

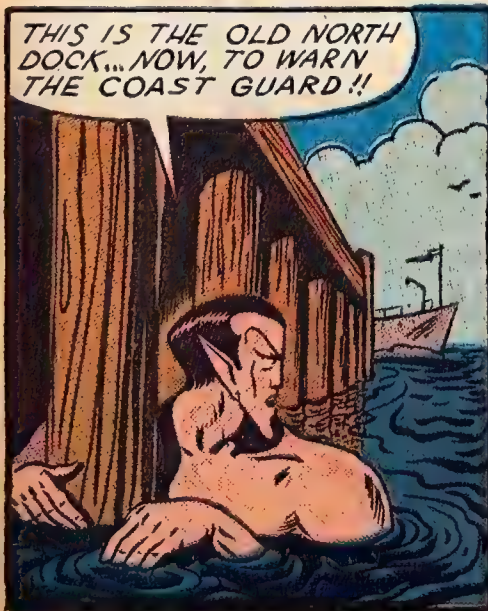
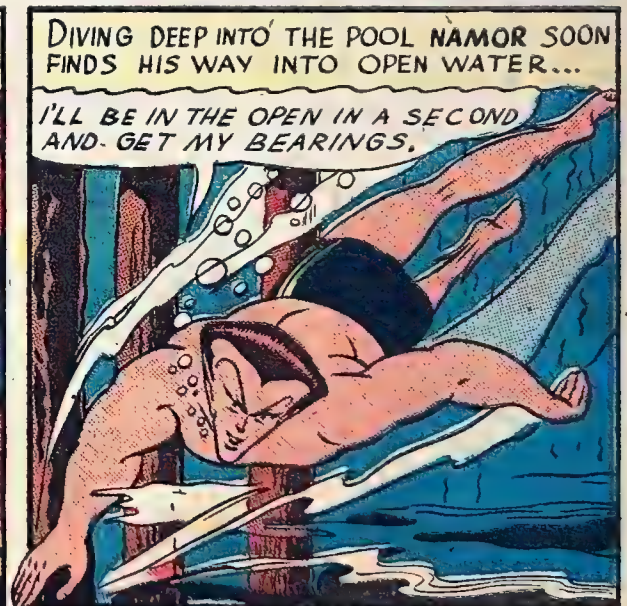
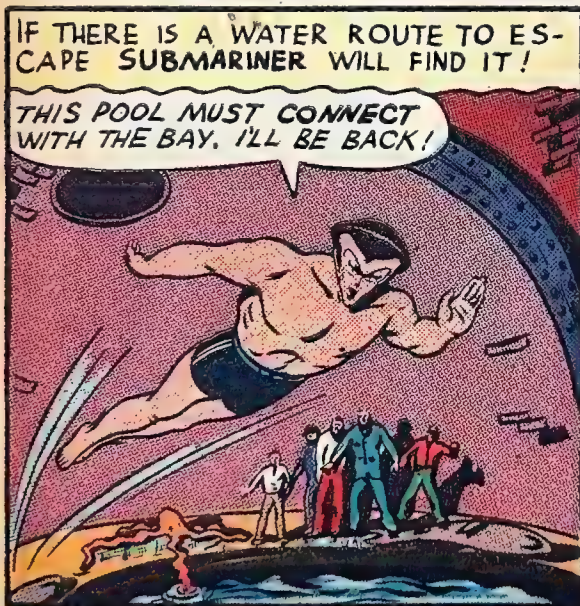
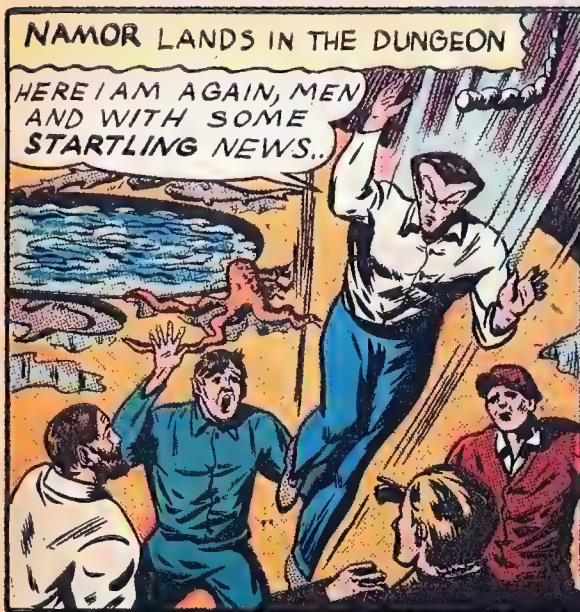
HERE'S A HUSKY ONE.
WILL HE DO?

VELLY WELL.
EMPEROR
WILL BE SO
PLEASED.

A TRAP DOOR
SUDDENLY OPENS
AND...

I NEED FOUR,
OKAY!

FIVE MORE LIKE
HIM PLEASE.



SUBMARINER IS ESCORTED TO THE
SHIP'S COMMANDER

HE INSISTED ON
SEEING YOU, SIR!

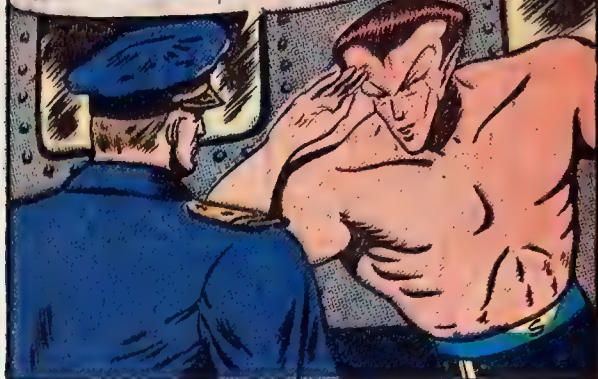
SUBMARINER,
HOW ARE YOU?
WHAT'S ON YOUR
MIND?



THE TRAP IS SET...

WE HAVE SUSPECTED THIS 'ZIPPER',
BUT WE WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT
THIS JAP'S GAME IS. YOU RETURN
AND AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS.
REMEMBER INSTRUCTIONS,
WE'LL WATCH EVERY BOAT

I WON'T
FAIL,
SIR.



RETURNING TO THE DUNGEON, SUBMARINER
AND THE OTHER PRISONERS ARE HERDED
THRU A SECRET DOOR...

ONE FALSE MOVE AND
WE'LL DRILL YOU!

DO AS THEY SAY,
MEN!



THE PRISONERS ARE FORCED TO BOARD
A FISHING BOAT JUST ACROSS
THE DOCK.

STEP ON IT!!



LOCKED IN THE HOLD OF THE JAP FISHING VESSEL,
THE PRISONERS MAKE A STARTLING DISCOVERY

OIL! LISTEN, I CONTACTED
THE COAST GUARD. DO
AS I TELL YOU. IT MEANS
LIFE OR DEATH FOR ALL OF US!



THE MEN ARE ORDERED ON DECK
BY THE JAP COMMANDER...

ON DECK
PLEASE!!

ON YOUR
TOES NOW,
MEN!



ON DECK, AT THE POINT OF MACHINE - GUNS...

NIPPONESE MASTERS HERE. OBEY OR YOU DIE!

GIVE ME THE ORDERS AND THE MEN WILL OBEY.

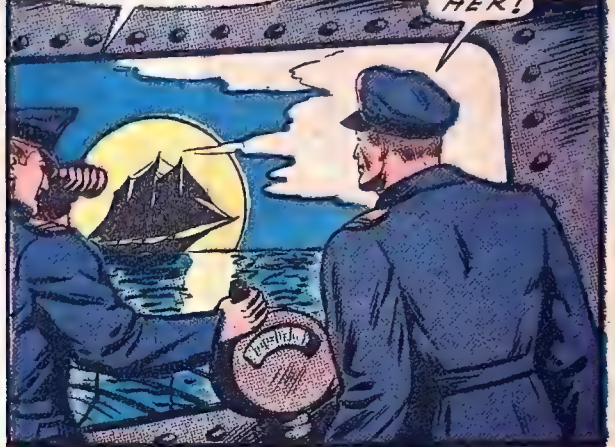
LET IT BE SO!



A FISHING BOAT IS SPOTTED BY THE COAST GUARD CUTTER.

FISHING BOAT OFF THE STARBOARD, SIR!

THAT MAY BE IT. WE'LL HAIL HER!



AS THE CUTTER APPROACHES, THE JAP GIVES HIS ORDERS TO SUBMARINER

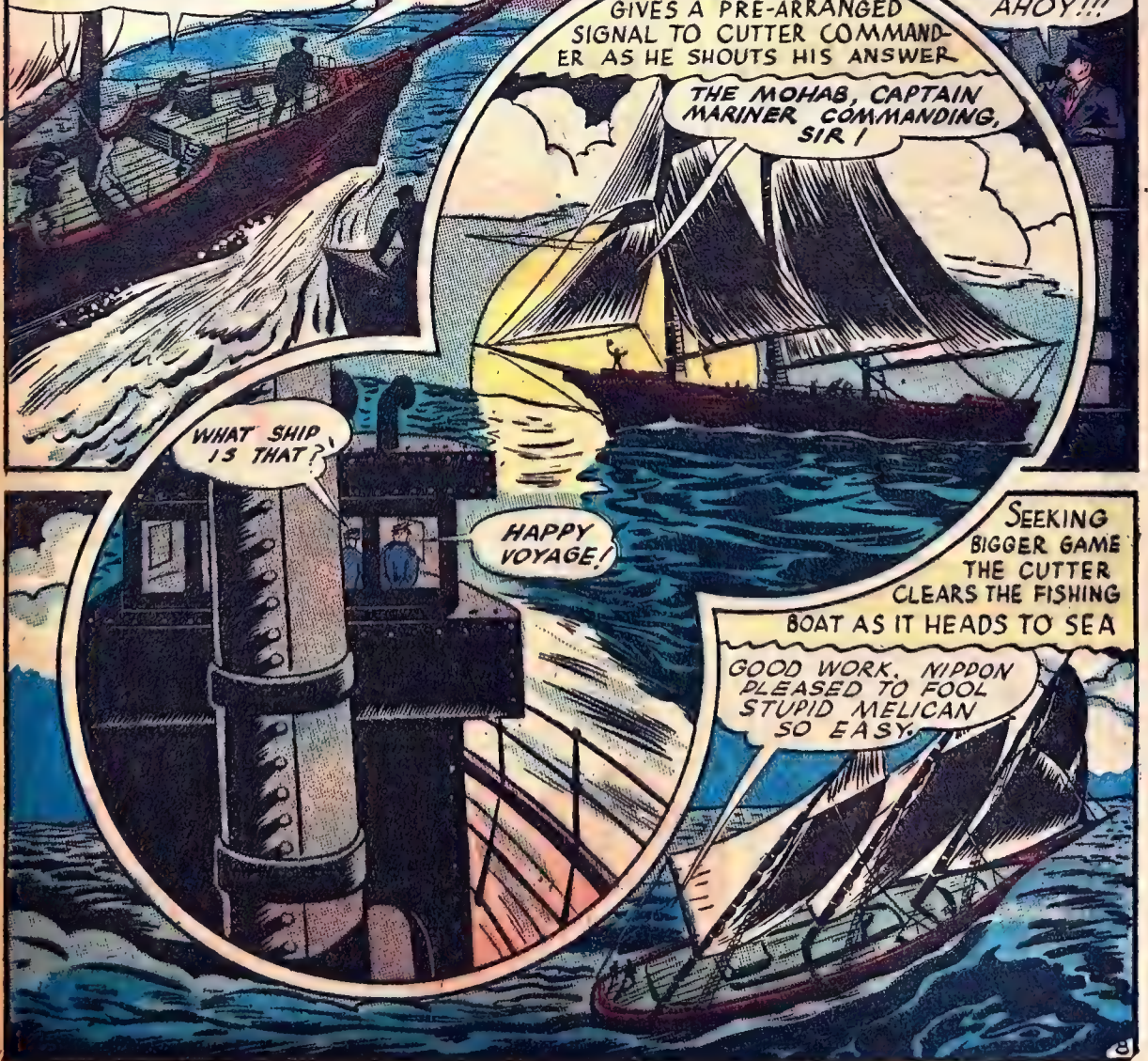
ANSWER LIKE A CAPTAIN. OTHER MEN ACT LIKE CREW!

AYE AYE SIR!!!

SUBMARINER GIVES A PRE-ARRANGED SIGNAL TO CUTTER COMMANDER AS HE SHOUTS HIS ANSWER.

FISHING BOAT, AHoy!!!

THE MOHAB, CAPTAIN MARINER COMMANDING, SIR!



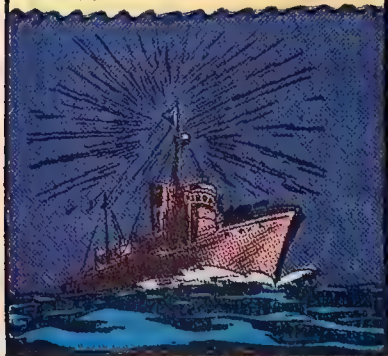
WHAT SHIP IS THAT?

HAPPY VOYAGE!

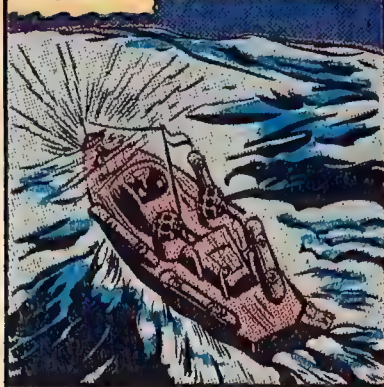
SEEKING BIGGER GAME THE CUTTER CLEARS THE FISHING BOAT AS IT HEADS TO SEA

GOOD WORK. NIPPON PLEASED TO FOOL STUPID MELICAN SO EASY.

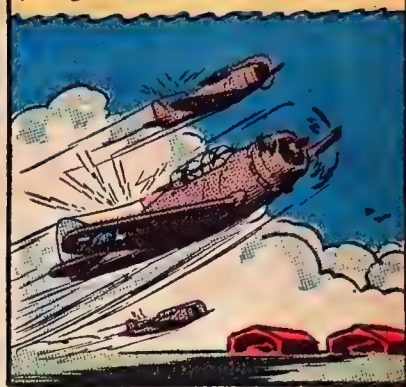
AS THE FISHING BOAT DISAPPEARS
IN THE DARKNESS, THE CUTTER'S
WIRELESS BUZZES!



A P.T. BOAT RECEIVES IT'S
ORDERS...



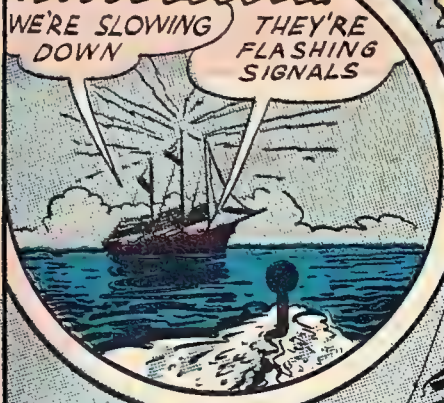
WHILE AT A NEAR-BY AIR
FIELD PLANES TAKE OFF...



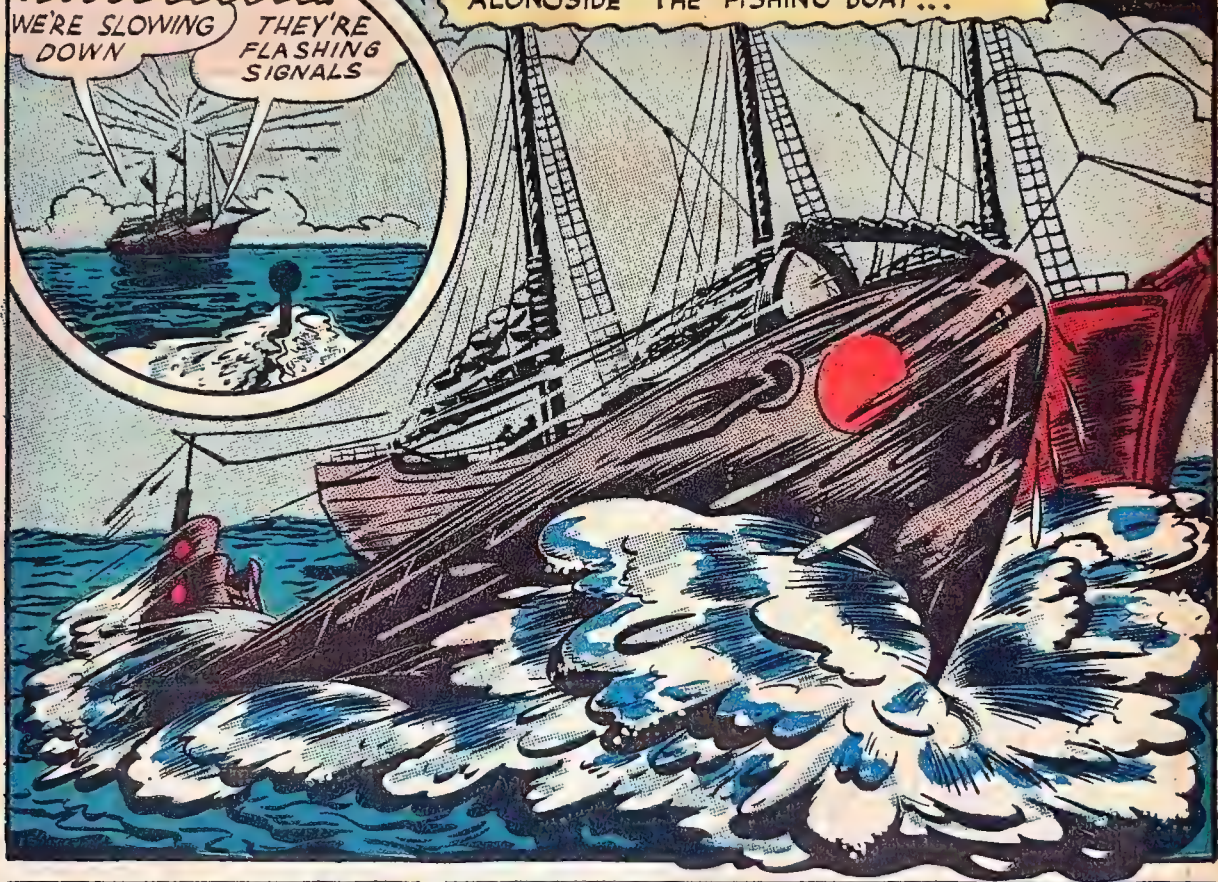
A FEW HOURS LATER —

WE'RE SLOWING
DOWN

THEY'RE
FLASHING
SIGNALS



SUDDENLY A JAP. SUB COMES TO THE SURFACE
ALONGSIDE THE FISHING BOAT...



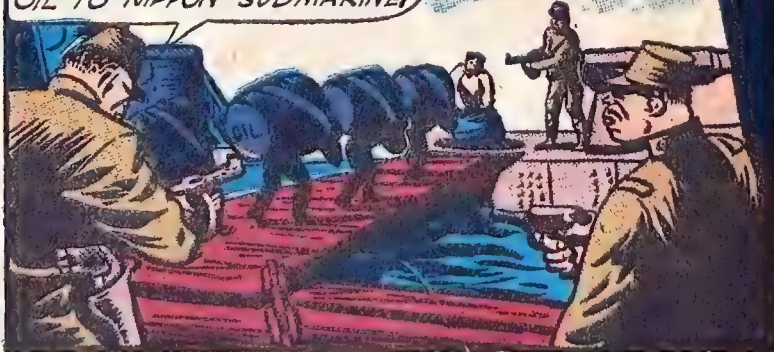
ON THE FISHING DECK

REMEMBER AT MY
SIGNAL, ATTACK.



THE JAPS FORCE THE AMERICANS TO...

HURRY, PLEASE. CARRY
OIL TO NIPPON SUBMARINE!



OUT OF SIGHT OF DECK SUBMARINER QUICKLY GETS BUSY WITH HIS OIL SOAKED SHIRT...

THOSE NIPS ARE IN FOR A SURPRISE ..



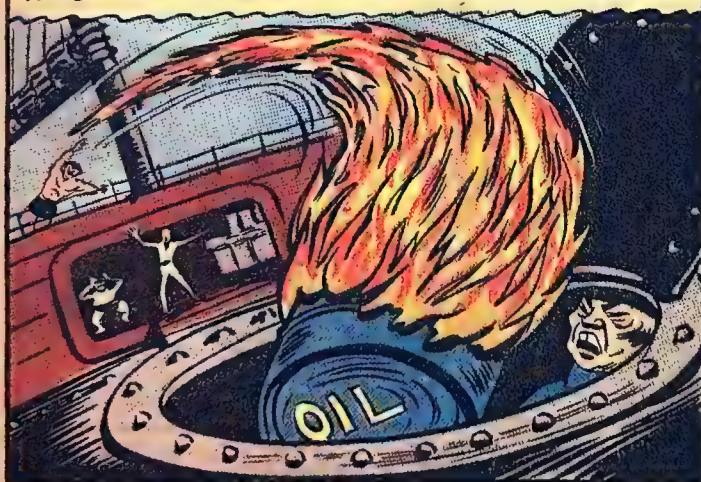
WHILE JUST BELOW THE HORIZON ABOARD THE CUTTER ...

KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR A FLASH-- THAT'LL BE THE SIGNAL..

AYE AYE, SIR!

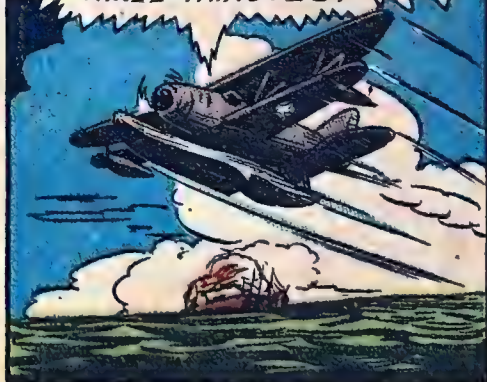


SUDDENLY THE SCENE IS LIT UP BY A BURNING STREAK AS THE DRUM OF OIL FLIES STRAIGHT TOWARD THE OPEN HATCH OF THE JAP SUB, WHICH IS THE SIGNAL FOR THE ATTACK..

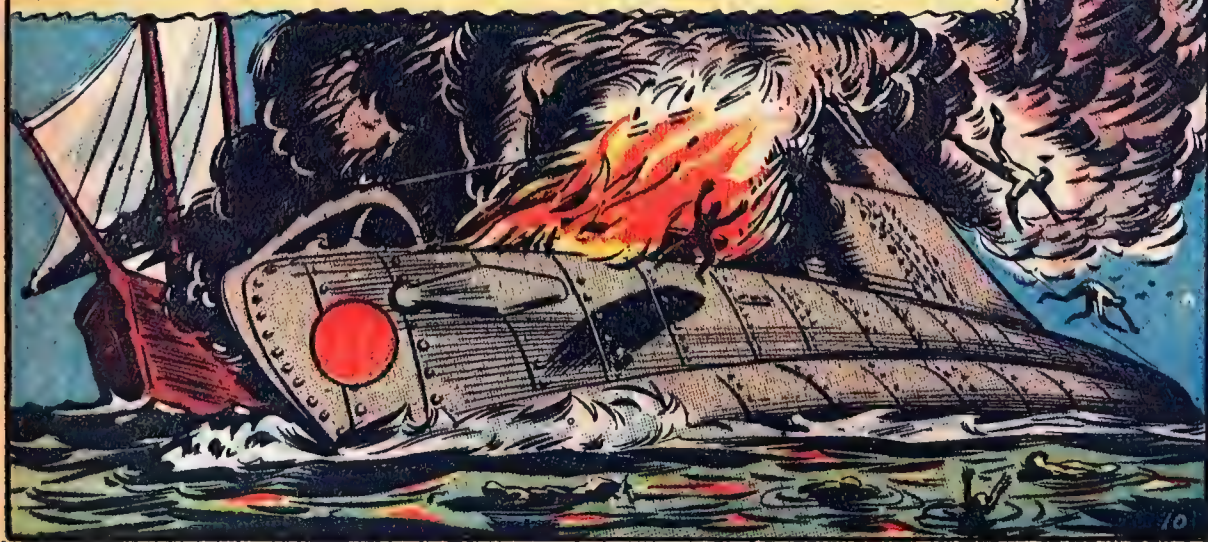


AT THAT MOMENT A PLANE PILOT REPORTS TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE CUTTER..

COMMANDER.. CUTTER.. REPORTING FLARE 3 DEGREES NORTHEAST FIFTEEN MILES, OVER TARGET IN THREE MINUTES!



SUBMARINER'S BULL'S EYE THROW OF THE FLAMING OIL DRUM SHOOTS UP SMOKE FROM THE BELLY OF THE SUB.



AS THE BILLOWS OF SMOKE FLIES SKY HIGH, THE MAN-OF-THE-SEA SWINGS INTO ACTION...



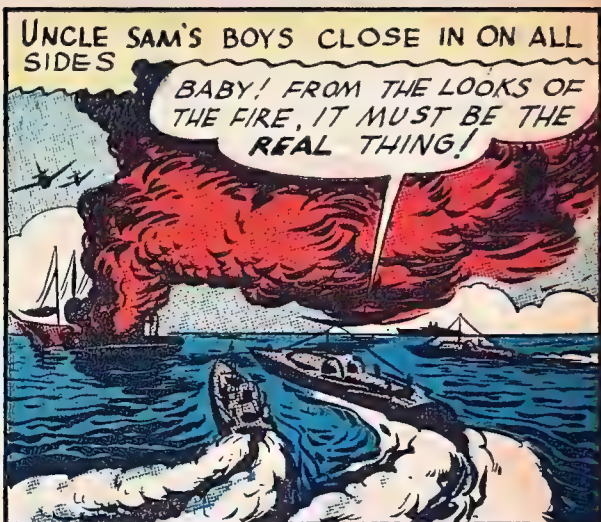
MEANWHILE ...

TO COMMANDER OF CUTTER. AM OVER TARGET. JAP SUB BURNING. LOOKS LIKE SUB-MARINER HAS A BATTLE ON HIS HANDS ON ENEMY BOAT



UNCLE SAM'S BOYS CLOSE IN ON ALL SIDES

BABY! FROM THE LOOKS OF THE FIRE, IT MUST BE THE REAL THING!



THE FURY OF SUBMARINER'S ATTACK PUTS HIM IN COMMAND OF THE JAP FISHING BOAT...

DON'T FORGET TO TELL YOUR EMPEROR ABOUT THIS, YELLOW FACE



AS THE COAST GUARD BOARD THE FISHING BOAT A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ENDS THE JAP SUB.

NICE GOING SUBMARINER. I DON'T THINK YOU NEED US AFTER ALL!

THERE'S ONE MORE SCORE TO SETTLE. "THE ZIPPER" LET'S GO!!!



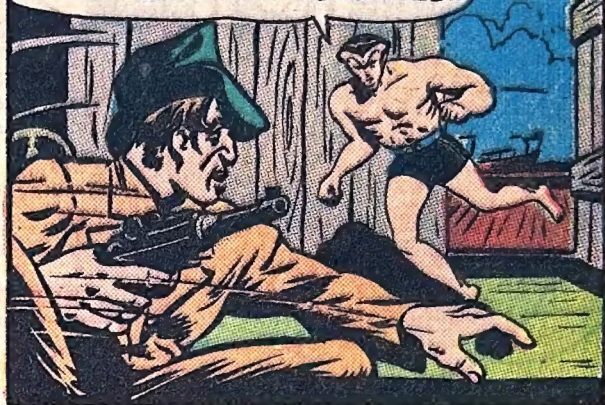
RETURNING TO THE DEN OF THE "ZIPPER."

HAVE YOUR MEN SURROUND THE BUILDING, I HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO SETTLE WITH MR. "ZIPPER," COMMANDER!



THE CORNERED RAT...

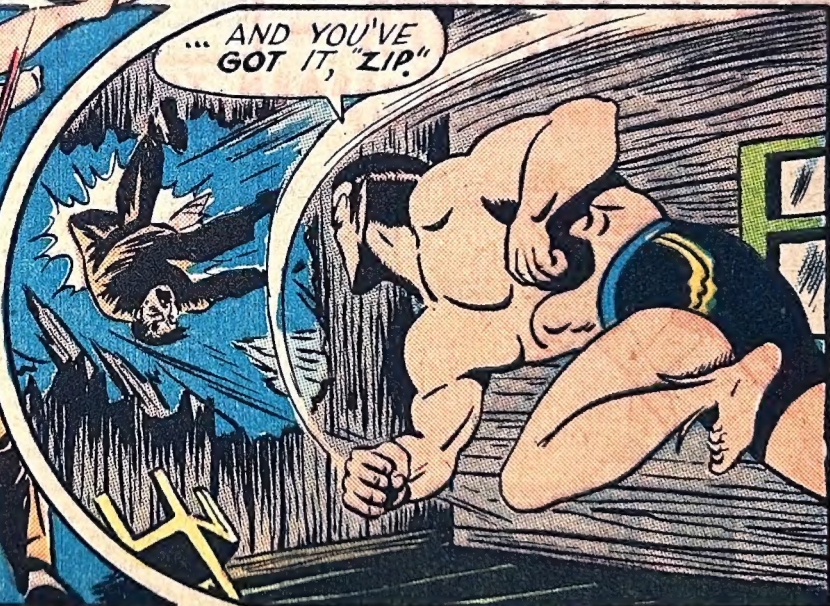
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE, "ZIPPER." THE COAST GUARD HAS THIS PLACE SURROUNDED. YOU AND I ARE GOING TO FIGHT IT OUT BETWEEN OURSELVES..



... YOU ASKED FOR IT ...



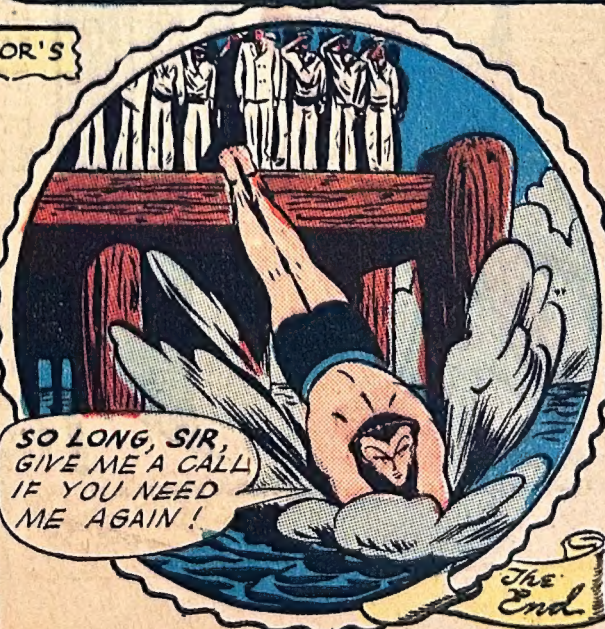
... AND YOU'VE GOT IT, "ZIP!"



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THERE'S YOUR MAN, SIR!

THE NAVY OWES YOU A VOTE OF THANKS, NAMOR. YOU DID A GRAND JOB!



SO LONG, SIR, GIVE ME A CALL IF YOU NEED ME AGAIN!

The End

FREE

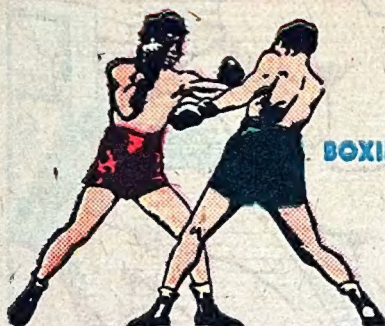
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You will learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method. You will learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in the privacy of your own home. And what's more, you don't pay the price of personal instruction. The experts who prepared these instructions want every red-blooded American to know how to defend himself. They wanted to make a "big man" of every small one. So the price of these books was made so low that everyone could afford to own them. Yes, you can't afford to be without them.

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